

WILLIAM CAREY

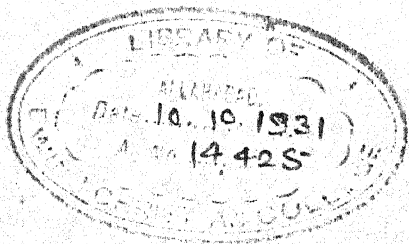
COBBLER AND PIONEER

BY

J. H. MORRISON, M.A.

AUTHOR OF

'STREAMS IN THE DESERT,' 'ON THE
TRAIL OF THE PIONEERS,' ETC.



HODDER AND STOUGHTON
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PART I
THE CONSECRATED COBBLER



CHAPTER I

THE POET AND THE PIONEER

ABOUT the year 1782 a lady friend of the poet Cowper, in an idle hour, bade him write a poem for her on any subject—'this sofa, for example.' The poet sat down to his *Task*, as he called it. Soon his eye began to roam over the whole face of nature and the wide world of men, until at last a glorious vision rose before him of all nations gathering to the Saviour's feet.

All kingdoms and all princes of the earth
Flock to that light . . .

 an assembly such as earth
Saw never, such as heaven stoops down to see.

In prophetic strains he summons the Church
to *her* long neglected *Task*, of winning the
world for Christ.

Had Cowper, as he wrote these lines,
looked from his window across the market-



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Had Cowper, as he wrote these lines, looked from his window across the market-

place of Olney, he might have seen a poorly dressed cobbler lad entering the minister's house opposite, a lad who was destined to do more than any other living man to make the poet's vision a reality.

Moravian missionaries had already begun to show the way, by their work in Greenland and among the plantation slaves in the West Indies. At the thought of them the poet's imagination takes fire, for he sees in them the advance guard of a mighty host.

God gives the word, the preachers throng around,
Live from His lips, and spread the glorious sound.
That sound bespeaks salvation on her way,
The trumpet of a life-restoring day.

But yonder cobbler lad, even more than the poet himself, carries the heathen world in his heart, and his mighty *Task* is to translate the Gospel into the strange languages of the East, and animate with missionary zeal the churches of the West. To him, even more fitly than to Whitefield, do Cowper's words apply :

- He followed Paul, his zeal a kindred flame,
His apostolic charity the same ;
Like him crossed cheerfully tempestuous seas,
- Forsaking country, kindred, friends and ease ;
Like him he laboured, and like him, content
To bear it, suffered shame where'er he went.

William Cowper was the poet of the modern missionary movement, William Carey was its pioneer. The most famous wit of his day might sneer at him as a 'consecrated cobbler,' but his place in the temple of fame is secure, and, in the annals of the kingdom of God, his name will ever be revered as the Father of Modern Missions.

CHAPTER II

A BOY WHO LOVED FLOWERS AND BOOKS

WILLIAM CAREY was born on the 17th of August 1761, in the village of Paulers Pury in Northamptonshire. His father, Edmund Carey, was the son of the village school-master, but, being left an orphan when only seven years old, he had been apprenticed to a weaver. Edmund appears to have been a studious lad, and was warmly devoted to his mother, who was very delicate. When he married he took her to live with him, and she was spared to see the birth of two grandchildren, William and his sister Ann. Her granddaughter says of her, quaintly, 'Like Naomi, she nursed them in her own bosom, and seemed to think that the Lord had dealt bountifully with her in her captivity.'

Had she lived a little longer she would

have had the happiness of returning to her former home, for when William Carey was about six years old his father was appointed village schoolmaster. The family then moved along to the end of the village street, and occupied the little schoolhouse which stood beside the church. Here three other children were born, Mary, Thomas, and Elizabeth, but the youngest died in infancy.

The school was next door to the house, and had a bit of playground in front, shaded by two spreading plane trees. Behind was a large garden with fruit trees. To William it was an unfailing delight. His uncle Peter was a gardener, and the boy was an apt pupil. Under his care the schoolhouse garden came to be the best kept in the village. This early passion for gardening remained with him throughout life. As has been truly said of him, 'Wherever he lived, as boy or man, poor or in comfort, William* Carey made and perfected his garden, and always for others, until he created at Serampore the botanical park

which for more than half a century was unique in Southern Asia.'

In summer-time he incessantly roamed the fields and woods in search of every kind of flower and bird and insect. His younger sister, Polly, was his faithful follower on these excursions, which half a century afterwards she recalled with pleasure.

'His room,' she writes, 'was full of insects, stuck in every corner, that he might observe their progress. Birds and all manner of insects he had numbers of. When he was from home the birds were in general committed to my care. Being so much younger, I was indulged by him in all his enjoyments. Though I often used to kill his birds with kindness, yet, when he saw my grief for it, he always indulged me with the pleasure of serving them again, and often took me over the dirtiest roads to get at a plant or an insect. He never walked out, I think, when quite a boy, without observation on the hedges as he passed, and when he took up a plant

• of any kind, he always observed it with care.'

• Carey himself gives a somewhat dark and Bunyan-like picture of his boyhood.

'My companions were at this time such as could only serve to debase the mind and lead me into the depths of that gross conduct which prevails among the lower classes in the most neglected villages, so that I had sunk into the most awful profligacy of conduct. I was addicted to swearing, lying, and unchaste conversation, which was heightened by the company of ringers, psalm-singers, football players, the society of a blacksmith's shop, etc., etc. And though my father laid the strictest injunctions on me to avoid such company, I always found some way to elude his care.'

Of all this his sister makes no mention, but remarks that 'he was generally one of the most active in all the amusements and recreations that boys in general pursue. He was always beloved by the boys about his own age.' Probably these two accounts

are not so diverse as at first sight they appear.

He seems to have been a diligent scholar even from childhood. His mother used often to tell with fond pride how she had heard him, before he was six years old, working at his sums in the night when the rest were asleep. Long after he had attained to fame his father wrote of him, in the formal language of an old schoolmaster : ' He was always attentive to learning when a boy, and was a very good arithmetician.'

Of his taste in books he has himself given the following account : ' I chose to read books of science, history, voyages, etc., more than any other. Novels and plays always disgusted me, and I avoided them as much as I did books of religion, and perhaps from the same motive. I was better pleased with romances, and this circumstance made me read Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* with eagerness, though to no purpose.'

The motive to which he refers, as causing

- him equally to avoid novels and books of religion, was his strong realism. He had
- an insatiable appetite for hard facts, but no relish for fancies, and he felt that works of fiction and of religion dealt with a world that, to him at least, was unreal.

As the son of the schoolmaster and parish clerk he was brought up under strict religious discipline, and had to attend all the services of the parish church. He complains that 'the formal attendance upon outward ceremonies' was not of his choice, and doubtless he must often have sighed when he heard the distant shouts of the football players, or thought of the jolly company at the blacksmith's shop. He acknowledges, however, the benefits of this discipline.

'Having been accustomed from my infancy to read the Scriptures, I had a considerable acquaintance therewith, especially the historical parts. I also have no doubt but the constant reading of the Psalms, Lessons, etc., in the parish church, which

I was obliged to attend regularly, tended to furnish my mind with a general Scripture knowledge.'

His health was not robust. From about the age of seven he was troubled with a skin eruption which broke out whenever his face or hands were exposed to the sun. This trouble left him afterwards, so that he felt no discomfort even in the hottest day in India. For the time, however, it made an outdoor occupation impossible, and so his parents, after some difficulty, got him apprenticed to a shoemaker, Mr. Clarke Nichols of Hackleton, a village nine or ten miles east of Paulers Pury. Carey was then about fourteen years of age. Two years afterwards Mr. Nichols died, and Carey, having got clear of his apprenticeship by paying a certain sum to the widow, entered the employment of Mr. Thomas Old of Hackleton, and worked as a journeyman.

There is a tradition that Carey was but a poor hand at his trade, and so absent-

- minded that on one occasion he was said to have shortened a shoe to make it longer.
- He himself denied this, calling it 'a childish story entitled to no credit.' He continues, 'I was accounted a very good workman, and recollect Mr. Old keeping a pair of shoes which I had made in his shop as a model of good workmanship.'

CHAPTER III

' I CAN PLOD '

WHATEVER may have been his ability at the cobbler's bench, Carey was essentially a student, and he pursued the path of learning with extraordinary doggedness. If genius be, as has been said, 'an infinite capacity for taking pains,' then Carey had genius in the highest degree. His sister says: 'Whatever he began he finished, difficulties never seemed to discourage his mind, and, as he grew up, his thirst for knowledge still increased.'

'I can plod,' was his own verdict upon his life's work. 'I can persevere in any definite pursuit. To this I owe everything.'

In this spirit the poor cobbler lad snatched eagerly at every morsel of knowledge that came within his reach. His master had a commentary on the New

Testament with a few Greek words interspersed among the English. Carey copied the strange letters as carefully as he could and carried them to a weaver in Paulers Pury who knew a little of the classics. In this way he gained some inkling of Greek. He had an extraordinary aptitude for languages. Latin he had made acquaintance with at the age of twelve, when he learnt his first grammar by heart. Hebrew he picked up by and by, with the aid of some neighbouring ministers. He puzzled over a Dutch book which he had found in an old woman's cottage till he made out the meaning of it, so that when some years afterwards his friend Mr. Ryland offered him a volume of Dutch sermons on condition that he could translate them, he took the book and returned in a short time with a translation of one of the sermons. In somewhat similar fashion he acquired some knowledge of French.

From the early days of his apprenticeship the subject of personal religion began

to occupy his thoughts. He had been brought up in the Church of England, and he despised dissenters with all the bigotry of an ignorant Churchman. His fellow-apprentice, John Warr, was the son of a dissenter, and the two boys had many a long and heated argument. Carey had read a little theology and was proud of his superior knowledge. He insisted on having the last word, and generally came off with triumph. Yet somehow he was left with the uneasy feeling that his opponent had the better of him. This uneasiness was increased by reflections on his own behaviour, and especially by an act of misconduct which put him openly to the blush.

It was Christmas-time 1778, and he had been getting, as usual, some little gifts from the tradesmen with whom his master had dealings. Among the rest he got a bad shilling. He only discovered this as he was paying for some things he had bought for himself. He paid for the articles with a shilling of his master's money, and then he

'resolved to brazen it out by saying that the bad shilling was his master's. As he walked home over the fields he even prayed God to let him off this once, vowing at the same time that he would leave off swearing and lying. In spite of this his fault was exposed, and so overwhelmed was he with shame that he would not appear in the street or go to church till he was assured that the report of his conduct was not spread over the town. This event he ever after looked back upon ' with a mixture of horror and gratitude.' No doubt in the mercy of God it humbled his proud spirit and made him see the plague of his own heart.

In February 1779 he heard Mr. Chater of Olney preach a sermon on the necessity of following Christ entirely. The preacher quoted the text from Hebrews xiii., ' Let us go forth therefore unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach,' and Carey made a curious application of it.

' I think,' he says, ' I had a desire to

follow Christ, but an idea occurred to my mind upon hearing those words which broke me off from the Church of England. The idea was certainly very crude, but useful in bringing me from attending a lifeless, carnal ministry, to one more evangelical. I concluded that the Church of England, as established by law, was the camp in which all were protected from the scandal of the Cross, and that I ought to bear the reproach of Christ among the dissenters, and accordingly I always afterwards attended divine worship among them.'

He had not yet found Christ, and the story of how he searched for the truth sounds strange and pathetic. No one seemed able to give him the spiritual guidance he needed, though he had frequent discussions and arguments with people holding various views. In particular he mentions 'a six hours' warm dispute' with the clerk of a neighbouring parish, a disciple of William Law, which seems to

have had a decisive influence upon his mind.

' After this discussion,' Carey says, ' I could neither believe his system of doctrine nor defend my own. The conversation filled me with anxiety, and when I was alone this anxiety increased. I was by these means, I trust, brought to depend on a crucified Saviour for pardon and salvation, and to seek a system of doctrines in the word of God.'

CHAPTER IV

'TURNED CUSHION-THUMPER'

CAREY now began to preach with some acceptance, and by and by was invited to conduct a little meeting at Earls Barton, a village about six miles from Hackleton. This he continued to do for three and a half years, cheerfully trudging the twelve miles every Sunday. All the while he was, as he confesses, 'in a state of uncertainty and anxiety about Gospel doctrines.' But at length a book, written by the father of Robert Hall, and entitled *Help to Zion's Travellers*, came into his hands.

'In this,' he says, 'I found all that arranged and illustrated which I had been so long picking up by scraps. I do not remember to have read any book with such raptures as I did that. If it was poison, as some then said, it was so sweet to me

that I drank it greedily to the bottom of the cup, and I rejoice to say that those doctrines are the choice of my heart to this day.’

In a letter written in 1815, Thomas Scott, the well-known commentator, gives some interesting reminiscences of Carey. Mr. Scott was curate of Olney, and frequently passed through Hackleton in walking to Northampton. Having occasion to call at the shoemaker’s cottage, he says :

‘Mr. Old came in, with a sensible-looking lad in his working dress. I at first rather wondered to see him enter, as he seemed young, being, I believe, little of his age. . . . I observed the lad riveted in attention with every mark and symptom of intelligence and feeling, saying little, but modestly asking now and then an appropriate question. I lived at Olney till the end of 1785, and in the course of that time I called perhaps two or three times each year at Mr. Old’s, and was each time more and more struck with the youth’s conduct. . . .

and I said to all to whom I had access, that he would, if I could judge, prove no ordinary man.'

A similar impression appears to have been made upon a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who said to Carey's sister, 'Never a youth promised fairer to make a great man, if he had not turned a cushion-thumper.'

Soon after he began to go to Earls Barton, Carey, on the invitation of a few friends, came to preach in his native village. None of his own family went to hear him, but next morning a neighbour woman came in to congratulate his mother on having such a son.

'What!' exclaimed his mother, 'do you think he will be a preacher?'

'Yes,' was the reply, 'and a great one too, I think, if spared.'

From that time forward Carey conducted a monthly meeting at Paulers Pury in addition to preaching at Earls Barton. His family, from being somewhat scandal-

ised at first, became gradually interested in his work, and his brother and elder sister went regularly to his meeting. His father became curious to hear him, if he could do so without being observed. So he slipped into the meeting one night, and though, like the stern old schoolmaster he was, he would utter no single word of praise, his family gathered the impression that he was highly gratified by what he had heard.

Carey's sister admits that perhaps the young preacher's zeal exceeded the bounds of prudence. 'Like Gideon he was for throwing down all the altars of Baal in one night.' The earnestness with which he pressed the matter of personal religion caused some resentment in his home.

'Often have I felt my pride rise while he was engaged in prayer, at the mention of those words in Isaiah, "that all our righteousness was like filthy rags." I did not think he thought *his* so, but looked on me and the family as filthy, not himself and his party.'

Nothing of this was expressed openly, for the strongest ties of loyalty and affection bound the family together, and in time Carey had the joy of seeing his brother and sisters rejoicing with him in the light of life.

CHAPTER V

YEARS OF STRUGGLE

ON 10th June 1781 Carey married Dorothy Plackett, a sister of Mrs. Old, who was five years his senior. From every point of view the marriage seems to have been an imprudent one. Carey was not yet twenty, and extremely poor. But what was much more unfortunate, his wife failed to sympathise with and support him in his life's work. It was greatly against her will that she followed him to India, and she was increasingly a burden to him until at last her mind completely gave way. Perhaps her misfortune in marriage was as great as her husband's, and as deserving of pity. Having nothing heroic in her nature, she could not rise to the supreme heights of sacrifice, but there is no reason to doubt that she might have been happy, and

made her home happy, as a simple cobbler's wife.

Shortly after his marriage, on the death of Mr. Old, Carey took over the business. His home was a very humble cottage with a little garden attached. Near it stood the workshop with a rude sign in front—'*Second Hand Shoes Bought and Sold.*' This sign-board is now in the library of Regent Park College, London. Business prospects at first seemed promising, for trade was good, but shortly afterwards there came a collapse, and Carey was hard pressed.

Then followed some years of extreme poverty and ill-health. His first child died of fever, and Carey himself was seriously ill. His mother, when she came to nurse him, was shocked at the evidences of want in his home, which up till then he had concealed. On recovering from the fever he removed to Piddington, where, living near a marsh, he suffered from ague ^{for} about eighteen months, during which time he became quite bald. Whenever he was able

he trudged from place to place, trying with the greatest difficulty to dispose of his stock.

His brother very generously handed over to him his entire savings, and this, with a small sum collected by friends in Paulers Pury, afforded him very seasonable relief.

Meantime he doggedly pursued his studies and continued his preaching, even when his fortunes were at the lowest. He mentions being at Olney on one occasion, at the meeting of the Association of Baptist Churches in 1782, when he had not a penny in his pocket to buy his dinner. Probably to one whose disposition was naturally so calm, and whose mind was so absorbed in higher things, physical privations meant less than to an ordinary man. Long afterwards, when he looked back on these years of struggle, he said to his nephew :

‘Eustace, I have known the time when I wanted the necessities of life, but I do not recollect ever to have murmured. I now have everything in abundance, and I enjoy what God has given me. I think I

can say, "I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound. I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need."'

Carey had not as yet become a member of any recognised church. His work of preaching was purely voluntary and unpaid, and although he was in close touch with the Baptist Association he had not yet accepted adult baptism. On 5th October 1783 he was baptized in the river Nen at Northampton by Mr. Ryland, who became later a prominent supporter of his work in India. To Ryland it was ever after a pleasing reflection that, at the baptism of the poor journeyman cobbler, he had with unconscious prophecy preached from the text, 'Many that are first shall be last, and the last first.'

Mr. Sutcliff, the Baptist minister of Olney, now advised Carey to connect himself with some recognised church, and be appointed in a regular way to the ministry. The result of this appears in

the records of the little church at Olney, where, under date June 17, 1785, Carey's application is noted. The matter appears to have received prolonged and serious consideration, but at length, after a year's delay, during which Carey preached several times before the congregation, it is recorded in the minutes :

' June 16, 1786.—The case of Brother Carey was considered, and an unanimous satisfaction with his ministerial abilities being expressed, a vote was passed to call him to the ministry at a proper time.'

This is followed by a minute of August 10 :
' This evening our Brother William Carey was called to the work of the ministry, and sent out by the Church to preach the Gospel, wherever God in His Providence might call him.'

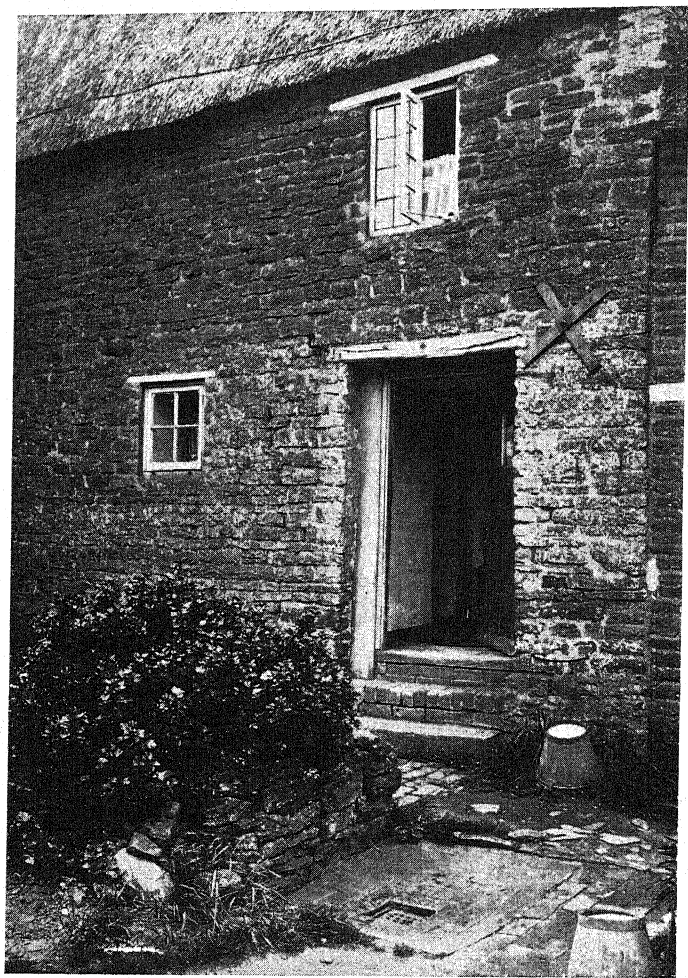
Carey was now invited to become minister of the Baptist Church at Moulton, a village between Northampton and Kettering, where he had been conducting services for some time. The salary offered was

£10 from the congregation, to which was added five guineas from the London Particular Baptist Fund. The minister was expected to eke out this pittance by conducting a day school. To Carey this opened an attractive prospect, and he removed with his family to Moulton.

A curious reminiscence of this removal came to light in 1895 among the village records of Moulton, in the shape of a certificate that William Carey and his wife Dorothy had their domicile in Paulers Pury, and that that parish would become responsible for them in the event of their becoming paupers.

He was ordained in August 1787 in the presence of about a score of his brother-ministers, among whom his friends and future helpers, Fuller, Ryland, and Sutcliff, took a leading part. A Miss Tressler went round the village and collected money to provide him with a decent suit of black.

But the ministry begun thus humbly became in the highest degree fruitful.



CAREY'S COTTAGE, MOULTON

Young converts were gathered in, and the little church had to be enlarged. The records of the congregation are still extant, and they bear witness to Carey's faithfulness as a pastor, especially when in the year after his ordination the village was swept by smallpox, followed by a malignant fever.

His success as a schoolmaster was only moderate. As he said himself, 'When I kept school the boys kept me.' Very soon his school was broken up by the return of the former schoolmaster to the village. This compelled Carey to return to his old trade, and once a fortnight he walked to Kettering with shoes for an army contractor, and brought back the leather for his next fortnight's work. Doubtless his zeal as a preacher must have told sadly against his work as a cobbler.

A friend having expostulated with him for neglecting his business, 'Neglecting my business!' answered Carey. 'My

business, sir, is to extend the kingdom of Christ. I only make and mend shoes to help pay expenses.' Which was perhaps hardly an adequate answer, coming from the father of a young family.

Happily, relief from this drudgery came in a most unexpected and delightful way. The contractor for whom Carey worked, Thomas Gotch by name, was a deacon in Fuller's church, and as deeply interested in the cause of Christ as he was alert in business. On making Carey's acquaintance, and hearing his gifts extolled by Fuller, Mr. Gotch said one day, 'Let me see, Mr. Carey: how much do you earn a week by your shoemaking?'

'About nine or ten shillings, sir,' replied Carey.

'Well, now,' said Mr. Gotch with a twinkle, 'I don't mean you to spoil any more of my leather. Get on as fast as you can with your Latin, Hebrew, and Greek, and I'll allow you from my private purse ten shillings a week.'

Relieved by this generosity, Carey pursued his studies with renewed ardour. In his preparation for the pulpit he was most conscientious and thorough, reading the selected passage in the original Greek or Hebrew, as well as in a Latin translation. His reputation as a preacher steadily grew, though some of the sterner Calvinists in the churches suspected him of heresy because he boldly proclaimed the freedom and universality of the Gospel.

‘In his preaching,’ says his nephew, Eustace Carey, ‘he was more remarkable than any man I ever knew, for his choice of plain and elementary subjects. He found them the life of his own spirit, and never seemed to imagine they could be exhausted or become trite in the estimation of others. . . . His manner of treating his subjects was always easy and natural. . . . There was no excursive-ness, no great variety and range in his illustrations of his subjects, nor was there, as indeed may be well supposed, from the

character of his mind, the least approach to the imaginative and the poetic. There was no style about him in anything. He never seemed to think of it. . . . It was this which called forth the following quaint remark from Mr. Hall of Arnsby, when criticising one of his pulpit exercises: "Brother Carey, you have no *likes* in your sermons. Christ taught that the kingdom of heaven was *like* to leaven hid in meal, *like* to a grain of mustard seed, etc. You tell us what things are, but never what they are like." "

CHAPTER VI

A NEGLECTED PROBLEM

It was at Moulton that Carey's mind became fully engaged upon the vast but neglected problem of the heathen world. He says he was first directed to it by reading *Captain Cook's Voyages*, and, with characteristic thoroughness, he proceeded to collect all available information about foreign countries. His friend Andrew Fuller, the Baptist minister of Kettering, whose name will always be associated with Carey's in the missionary enterprise, has told what he used to see in the cobbler's shop at Moulton.

'I remember, on going into the room where he employed himself at his business, I saw hanging up against the wall a very large map, consisting of several sheets of paper pasted together by himself, on which

he had drawn with a pen a place for every nation in the known world, and entered into it whatever he met with in reading, relative to its population, religion, etc.' . . . 'He would also be frequently conversing with his brethren in the ministry on the practicability and importance of a mission to the heathen, and of his willingness to engage in it. At several ministers' meetings, between the years 1787 and 1790, this was the topic of his conversation. Some of our most aged and respectable ministers thought, I believe, at the time, that it was a wild and impracticable scheme that he had got in his mind, and therefore gave him no encouragement. Yet he would not give it up, but would converse with us, one by one, till he had made some impression upon us.'

It is impossible adequately to appreciate Carey's independence of mind and magnificent tenacity of purpose, unless one has in view the general opinion of Christian people at that time in regard to the con-

version of the heathen. Other missionaries have been inspired and sent forth by the interest and zeal of the home Church. Carey's first task was to awaken that interest and kindle that zeal. More than any other man he roused the Christian forces of the English-speaking world, and led them on to the great missionary crusade of the nineteenth century. And so his place in history is among the chosen few, who by their sheer faith and courage have convinced the world of some new truth, and accomplished some mighty work which men had deemed impossible.

The Churches of the Reformation had gone far astray in their attitude towards the heathen world. At first they had some excuse for inaction, being hard pressed at home, and having no direct access to heathen lands, while the Roman Catholic powers, Spain and Portugal, ruled the ocean. But the extraordinary view came to be held, and was formally defended by theologians, that the Lord's command,

'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature,' was addressed to the Apostles only. The evangelising of the heathen was their *personale privilegium*, and it was not to be doubted that the work had, in previous ages, been fulfilled. Even America, it was asserted, had been known to the ancients, and had been evangelised, though subsequently forgotten. The heathen world was therefore held to have rejected the Gospel, and to have no other fate in store than to await the Judgment Day.

This was an exceedingly comfortable doctrine for the age of Moderatism in which Carey was born. No doubt it was admitted that where a country began to colonise it ought also to attempt to evangelise, and occasional resolutions were passed on the subject. But that it was the Church's first business, or even any part of the Church's business, to carry the Gospel to all nations, was not seriously considered even by pious men.

Such was the state of feeling in England

when Carey began to converse with his brethren and press the subject on their attention.

The response was not encouraging. At a meeting of ministers held at Northampton in 1786, Mr. Ryland, sen., having invited some of the younger men to propose a topic for discussion, Carey suggested, 'Whether the command given to the Apostles, to teach all nations, was not obligatory on all succeeding ministers to the end of the world, seeing that the accompanying promise was of equal extent.' This was too much for the venerable chairman, who broke out upon him, 'You are a miserable enthusiast for asking such a question. Certainly nothing can be done before another Pentecost, when an effusion of miraculous gifts, including the gift of tongues, will give effect to the commission of Christ as at first.' The rest sat silent, feeling, as Fuller says, 'If the Lord should open the windows of heaven, might this thing be.'

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CHAPTER VII

DEUS VULT

CAREY was not to be so easily suppressed. He sat down and embodied his views in a pamphlet, afterwards published in 1792, entitled :

‘An Enquiry into the Obligations of Christians to use Means for the Conversion of the Heathens, in which the Religious State of the Different Nations of the World, the Success of Former Undertakings, and the Practicability of Further Undertakings, are considered by WILLIAM CAREY.’

This prosaic and lumbering title introduces a masterly survey of the whole problem. The writer deals in succession with the difficulties that may arise from ‘the distance from us’ of the heathen, ‘their uncivilised and barbarous way of living,’ ‘the danger of being killed by them,’

'the difficulty of procuring the necessities of life,' and 'of learning their languages.' He pictures the missionaries going forth, in the simplicity of their faith, with their wives and children, to form little colonies of preachers and workers. 'A few articles of stock,' he says, 'as a cow or two, and a bull, and a few other cattle of both sexes, a very few utensils of husbandry, and some corn to sow their land, would be sufficient.' And he anticipates that, from the time of reaping their first crop, they would be practically self-supporting. Of the home Church he requires, on the part of every member of every congregation, fervent and united prayer and an average subscription of a penny a week.

In 1789 Carey accepted a call to a church in Harvey Lane, Leicester, where he laboured till his departure to India in 1793. He resided in a little house opposite the church, where he could be seen at work 'in his leathern apron, his books beside him, and his beautiful flowers in

the window.' After a time he opened a school, with somewhat more success than had attended his effort at Moulton. Every minute of his time was occupied with his work and studies. In a letter to his father of date November 12, 1790, he excuses himself for not writing home oftener, and says :

' On Monday I confine myself to the study of the learned languages, and oblige myself to translate something. On Tuesday, to the study of science, history, composition, etc. On Wednesday I preach a lecture, and have been for more than twelve months on the book of Revelation. On Thursday I visit my friends. Friday and Saturday are spent in preparing for the Lord's Day, and the Lord's Day in preaching the word of God. Once a fortnight I preach three times at home, and once a fortnight I go to a neighbouring village in the evening. Once a month I go to another village on the Tuesday evening. My school begins at nine o'clock

in the morning, and continues till four o'clock in winter, and five in summer. I have acted for this twelvemonth as secretary to the committee of dissenters, and am now to be regularly appointed to that office, with a salary. Add to this, occasional journeys, ministers' meetings, etc., and you will rather wonder that I have any time, than that I have so little.

'I am not my own, nor would I choose for myself. Let God employ me where He thinks fit, and give me patience and discretion to fill up my station to His honour and glory.'

He still continued to press the subject of missions. It was observed that he never prayed without making intercession for slaves and all heathen. When the Association of Ministers met in October 1791, Sutcliff of Olney preached 'on being very jealous for the Lord of Hosts,' and Fuller of Kettering followed 'on the pernicious influence of delay.' At the discussion which ensued Carey made the practical

application, asking 'if it were not practicable and our bounden duty to attempt somewhat towards spreading the Gospel in the heathen world.' He could not, however, carry the meeting beyond a general agreement that something ought to be done.

The next meeting of the Association was at Nottingham on 31st May 1792, a date which has become historic. It was Carey's turn to preach, and he chose for his text Isaiah liv. 2, 3: 'Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations: spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes: for thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left; and thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles, and make the desolate cities to be inhabited.'

In expounding this glowing vision he laid down two principles:

EXPECT GREAT THINGS FROM GOD;

ATTEMPT GREAT THINGS FOR GOD

—words which have since become the

watchword of Modern Missions, and have taken their place in history with the *Deus Vult* of the Crusaders.

At the close Carey seized Fuller by the arm, exclaiming, 'And are you, after all, going again to do nothing?'

It was thereupon resolved, 'that a plan be prepared against the next ministers' meeting at Kettering for forming a Baptist Society for propagating the Gospel among the Heathen.'

In accordance with this resolution the Society was constituted at the ministers' meeting at Kettering on 2nd October 1792, with thirteen members. Fuller was appointed secretary, and subscriptions were received amounting to £13, 2s. 6d. Carey offered himself as the first missionary.

CHAPTER VIII

OUTWARD BOUND

At the outset Carey's mind wavered between the South Sea Islands, the romantic scene of Captain Cook's voyages, and the West Coast of Africa, which was at that time the slave-raider's happy hunting-ground. His thoughts, however, were soon turned to India through the influence of an extraordinary person, whose fortunes were now, both for good and ill, to be linked to Carey's for several years.

This person was Mr. Thomas, a surgeon who had been for some years in Calcutta, and who had come home to promote a scheme for mission work among the natives. He offered himself as an ally of the new Society, and was readily accepted, for it was felt that his experience would be of great value. But he proved to be an

eccentric, with a strange mixture of qualities—warm-hearted, zealous and spiritual, fluent and well versed in Scripture, but extremely rash, hot-tempered, extravagant, and utterly unreliable. It turned out, too, that he was hopelessly in debt, and had lost the confidence of all who knew him in India. Nevertheless the Society, in its ignorance and inexperience, appointed him to be Carey's colleague.

India was thus fixed upon as the field, and Carey was consecrated to the work. One of the classical stories of missionary history represents him as saying to his colleagues, 'I will go down the mine if you will hold the rope.' These, however, were not Carey's actual words, but were Fuller's reflections in after years on the spirit of the great adventure.

'Our undertaking to India,' he wrote, 'really appeared at the beginning to me somewhat like a few men who were deliberating about the importance of penetrating a deep mine, which had never before

been explored. We had no one to guide us, and, whilst we were thus deliberating, Carey, as it were, said, "Well, I will go down if you will hold the rope." But before he descended, he, as it seemed to me, took an oath from each of us at the mouth of the pit, to this effect, that whilst we lived we should never let go the rope.'

Carey took farewell of his congregation in Harvey Lane on Sunday, 17th March 1793. For both it was a sore parting. He had found the congregation in a spiritual wilderness and had brought them through deep waters to a wealthy place. Most of the members were his own children in the faith, and they were bewildered at the prospect of losing him, 'sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more.'

The parting scene has been vividly described by a Yorkshire wool merchant, who chanced to worship in Harvey Lane that memorable Sunday night. Writing to his wife, he says :

' Mr. Carey delivered his farewell to a sorrowful congregation indeed. I never before witnessed such a mournful scene. I could not help being much affected. Loving people were parting from an affectionate minister, who had been made so remarkably useful among them that the membership is more than double what it was two years ago. Mr. Carey left the same evening, perhaps for ever. He leaves a peaceable people, whose hearts are bound to him, a comfortable salary, a wife waiting two months for her time, and two children. One boy goes with him, a voyage of 15,000 miles, to attempt the conversion of the heathen. How greatly his heart must be set upon it! I asked him if he felt his mind comfortable in his proceedings. He answered, " Yes, I do." He squeezed my hand to his breast and said, " Yes, I do. My family and friends are dear to me. I feel much on account of leaving them. But I am clear that I am called to go. I am perfectly sure that it is the will of heaven

he put them ashore with their baggage at Portsmouth.

Carey was in despair, but Thomas rose to the occasion. He rushed up to London, rearranged the passage money, and learnt that a Danish East Indiaman was hourly expected in Dover Roads. Next he paid a flying visit to Mrs. Carey at Piddington, reasoned with her, prayed with her, and finally told her that if she did not accompany her husband to India 'she would repent it as long as she lived.' The poor woman's scruples were overborne, and she consented on condition that her sister should go with her. Not a moment was to be lost, and within twenty-four hours the irresistible Thomas had whirled the whole family away on the road to London and Dover, while he himself dashed off to Portsmouth for the baggage.

After such fashion did the Father of English missionaries set forth on his great adventure, burdened with two unsympathetic women and four helpless children,

and having for his colleague an eccentric who was hopelessly in debt.

And in that same year the Directors of the East India Company, having had their attention called to the subject of Missions, passed the following resolution : ' The sending out of missionaries into our Eastern possessions is the maddest, most extravagant, most costly, most indefensible project which has ever been suggested by a moon-struck fanatic. Such a scheme is pernicious, imprudent, useless, harmful, dangerous, profitless, fantastic. It strikes against all reason and sound policy, it brings the peace and safety of our possessions into peril.'

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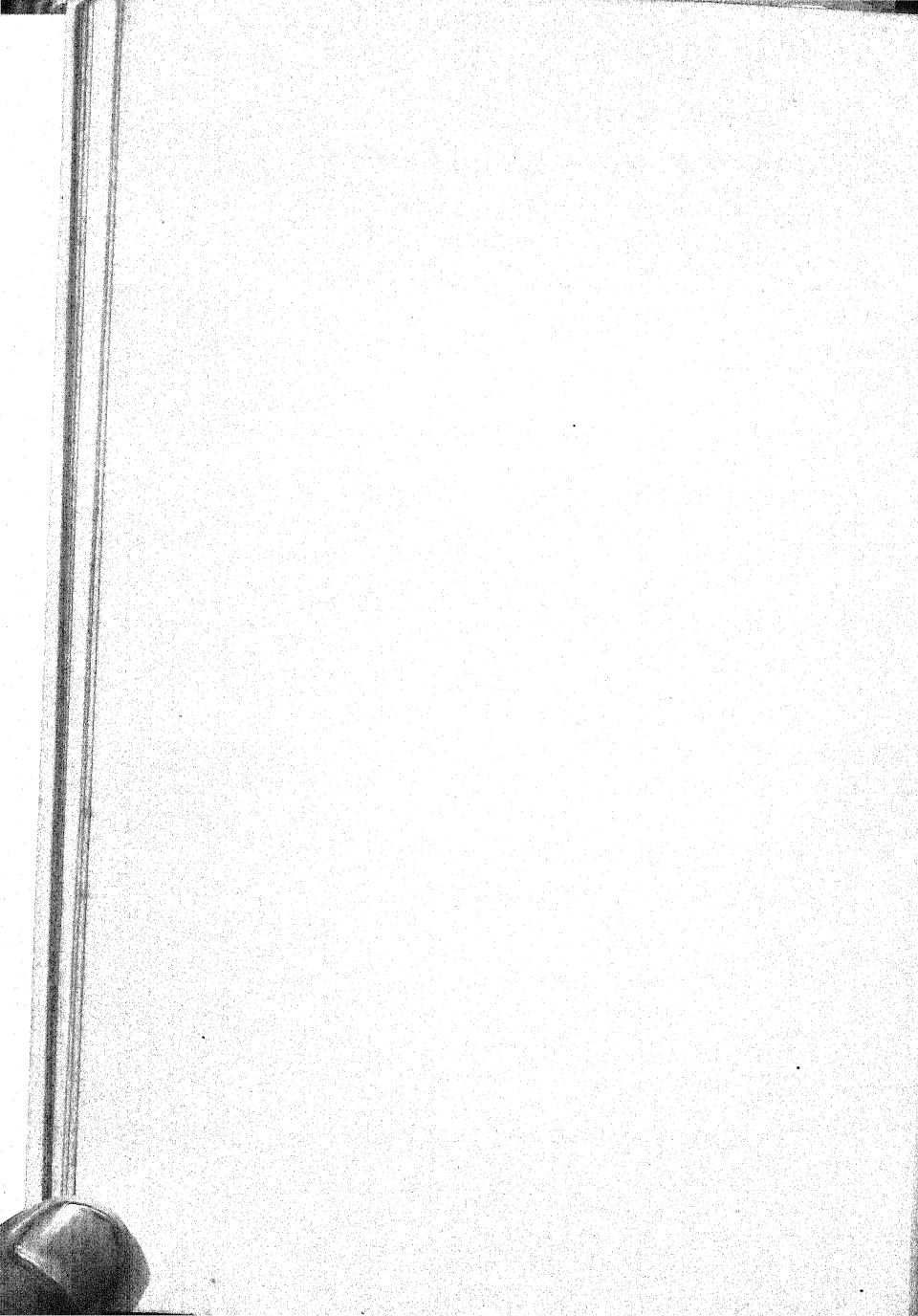
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PART II
THE PLANTER

CHAPTER I

IN THE YEAR OF GRACE 1793

CAREY sailed for India on 13th June 1793, and reached Calcutta on 1st November. The full passage money for the whole party would have been £600, but as that sum was quite beyond their resources Mr. Thomas succeeded in booking them for three hundred guineas by offering that he and Mrs. Carey's sister would go as stewards, and accept whatever food and accommodation was offered them. Once on board, however, the captain treated them with the most generous kindness. Throughout the voyage the children were in the best of health and spirits, but, says Mr. Thomas in a letter written from the Bay of Bengal, 'Poor Mrs. Carey has had many fears and troubles, so that she was like Lot's wife, until we passed the Cape, but ever since, it

seems so far to look back to Piddington, that she turns her hopes and wishes to our safe arrival in Bengal.' The company they met on board and the style of living on the voyage made both her and her sister all the more discontented and bitter amid the privations they had to endure in the early days in India.

Carey occupied his time on the voyage in reading Cowper's poems and in the study of Bengali, of which language he was to become the acknowledged master. He also, it is said, threw his wig overboard, 'an odious stuff wig,' his friend Ryland called it, 'made by good Mr. Wilson of Olney, an excellent Christian but one of the ugliest wigmakers that ever was born!'

It would be difficult to name a year in which an attempt to found a Christian mission in India would have appeared more ill-timed than in the year of grace 1793. In Europe the French Revolution was at its height, and was driving men, by the repulsion of its red terror, to an almost

insane conservatism, so that they viewed with extreme suspicion every new scheme. In India the public policy of the Government was never more unsympathetic, the private morals of its officials never more corrupt.

In the early days of the East India Company, while as yet it had only the status of a commercial concern, the Court of Directors appear to have taken much interest in the religious instruction of their servants, native as well as English. Some attempt was made to provide chaplains and schoolmasters for the various garrisons and superior stations. Free passages were given in the Company's ships to the Danish missionaries in South India, and the political services of the great missionary, Schwartz, were acknowledged by the erection of a noble group of statuary in St. Mary's Church, Madras.

A revolution of feeling and policy followed the battle of Plassey in 1757. The possessions of the Company became an

empire, its factory at Calcutta the seat of government, and its officials the rulers of populous states. A boundless field was suddenly thrown open to ambition and cupidity, the hoarded riches of Bengal became the spoil of the victors, and, in the scramble for these, men lost all sense of justice and moderation. The generation after Plassey was surfeited with the rich fruits of the pagoda tree, as it was called. Fabulous fortunes were amassed by what was afterwards officially declared to be 'the most tyrannic and oppressive conduct that was ever known in any age or country.'

This period, as was inevitable, was marked by extreme moral degradation. The young civilian, on his first arrival in India, was advised to 'stock a zenana,' while older men, high in the service, lived in the style of Eastern potentates. So widespread and deep-rooted was this corruption that even as late as 1804, when the state of morals had greatly improved under the healthy regime of Lord Wellesley, half the

members of the Service voted and petitioned to have their native women and half-caste children admitted to the benefits of the Widows and Orphans Fund. Some conformed to the idolatrous customs of their female connections; most lived in open godlessness.

The same evil influences made themselves felt in the Directorate of the Company. A seat on the Board had now become an object of high ambition. Those who had amassed fortunes in the East coveted positions which would enable them to send out their sons and nephews to reap in the same rich field. Thus the Board came to be packed with 'old Indians,' whose minds were thoroughly orientalised, who had little sympathy with Christian truth themselves, and an exaggerated fear of the effect of Christian teaching upon the fanaticism of the natives.

Never, probably, was the policy of the Company less British and less Christian than in 1793. In that year the Company's

charter came up for renewal. Wilberforce moved in the House of Commons the addition of a clause providing for the moral and religious improvement of the natives. This roused intense opposition. It was roundly declared that the conversion of the Hindus was impossible, and at the same time that any attempt to propagate the Christian religion would cause such a storm in India as would sweep the British into the sea. One speaker exclaimed that he would sooner see a band of devils let loose in India than a band of missionaries.

Such was the state of society, and such was the anti-missionary feeling in official circles at home and abroad, when Carey landed in India.

CHAPTER II

THE MISSIONARY EMIGRANT

It was Carey's view that a missionary should live on equal terms with the people of the country to which he went, and that he should maintain himself, as far as possible, by his own labours. He was now to put this theory to the severest possible test, for he had not only himself to provide for, but other six persons dependent on him.

The Mission party, being passengers in a Danish vessel, were allowed to land at Calcutta without question. The captain had promised, in the event of any trouble, to recommend them to the Danish settlement of Serampore, but no occasion arose for this. Their arrival was too obscure to be taken notice of. Almost immediately they were joined by Ram Bosu, an Indian

pundit who had previously associated with Mr. Thomas and shown some interest in Christian truth. Carey found him exceedingly useful as an interpreter, and began at once to converse with the natives.

Financial troubles speedily became acute. They had brought with them trade goods to the value of £150, to be sold in India as the only available means of raising money. The management of this matter was in the incompetent hands of Mr. Thomas, which meant certain disaster. Thomas sold and squandered in his own reckless way, without regard for the needs of his colleague or the interests of the Mission. As Calcutta was too expensive a place to live in, a move was made to Bandel, an old Portuguese colony about thirty miles up the Hugli, where it was hoped that a settlement might be made. It proved unsuitable, however, and the whole party returned to Calcutta, as Carey had heard that land for cultivation was to be had in the neighbourhood of the city. Unfortunately some of Mr. Thomas's

old creditors had got on his track, and he was advised that they would be more patient with him if he resumed his profession and had some visible means of support. He accordingly borrowed money at exorbitant interest from a native money-lender, and set up in style as a surgeon, with an establishment of twelve servants and talk of a carriage.

Meantime the patient, much-enduring Carey had found shelter in a native house at Manicktolla, a north-eastern suburb of Calcutta. It was kindly put at his disposal by Nela Dutt, the money-lender, and Carey had the pleasure, many years after, of repaying this kindness when his benefactor had fallen on evil days. As no money was forthcoming from Mr. Thomas, the case grew daily more desperate. Hearing that a man was wanted to take charge of the botanic garden, Carey applied for the post, but found it had just been filled. At this juncture Ram Bosu suggested that land for settlement could be had at Dehatta in

the Sundarbans, a wild region of jungly swamp in the delta of the Ganges.

It seemed a forlorn hope, but no other prospect was in sight. Mrs. Carey and her sister were naturally indignant, and loud in their complaints. We find Carey writing in his journal: '1794, Jan. 13. My wife and sister too, who do not see the importance of the Mission as I do, are continually exclaiming against me. And as for Mr. Thomas, they think it very hard indeed that he should live in a city in an affluent manner, and they be forced to go into a wilderness, and live without many of what they call the necessaries of life, bread in particular.'

Carey himself bore all his trials with the greatest patience and charity, but in a letter of 3rd January to Mr. Sutcliff of Olney he admits that 'Mr. Thomas is a very good man, but only fit to live at sea, where his daily business is before him, and daily provision made for him. I own, I fear that his present undertaking will be hurtful

rather than useful to him, the fickleness of his mind makes him very unfit for such an undertaking. I love him, and we live in the greatest harmony, but I confess that Ram Bosu is much more a man after my heart. He is a faithful counsellor and a discerning man.'

His journal reveals his deep anxiety, both for his family and for the cause he had at heart.

'Jan. 15, 16. On the first of these days I received an account that I may have as much land as I please, for three years for nothing, and after that, to pay a small rent per annum. I therefore went to Mr. T. to consult him, and to obtain money, when I found that my all was expended, and that Mr. T. was already in debt. I was much dejected at this. I am in a strange land, alone, no Christian friend, a large family, and nothing to supply their wants. I blame Mr. T. for leading me into such expense at first, and I blame myself for being led.'

' Jan. 23. My heart bleeds for him, for my family, for the Society, whose steadfastness must be shaken by this report, and for the success of the Mission, which must receive a sad blow from this. But why is my soul disquieted within me? Things may turn out better than I expect. Everything is known to God, and God cares for the Mission.'

Mr. Thomas succeeded in borrowing £16 at twelve per cent., with which Carey hired a boat, and, embarking with his family, set out for the wilds, having Ram Bosu for their guide. On the fourth day, as they rowed along the river, they saw a bungalow which Ram Bosu said was occupied by an Englishman.

' Then,' said Carey, ' I shall call upon him.'

By this time they had less than a day's food remaining. They all left the boat and walked towards the house. Mr. Short, the owner of the bungalow, who must have been as much astonished as if his visitors

had dropped from the clouds, came out to meet them, and invited them in. Carey frankly told him his object, and their present straits. Whereupon Mr. Short replied that, while he had no sympathy with missions, they were all welcome to make his house their home for half a year, or longer if they liked. Thus was a table spread for them in the wilderness. Mr. Short, it may be mentioned, afterwards married Mrs. Carey's sister.

CHAPTER III

'I SHALL ALWAYS BE POOR'

CAREY took some land across the river, and was preparing to settle on it when his affairs took a sudden and unexpected turn. He writes :

'March 1. After being employed in building me a house, and almost finished it, I received an invitation this day to go up to Malda, to superintend an indigo manufactory. This appearing to be a remarkable opening in divine providence, for our comfortable support, I accepted it, so that we are still unsettled, but I only wait to receive another letter, in order to set off this long journey of two hundred and fifty miles with my family.'

Mr. Thomas, ever full of surprises, had come to the rescue in his own impulsive way. He had an old friend at Malda with

whom he had quarrelled, a certain Mr. Udny, an indigo planter who lived with his mother and brother. Shortly before this the brother was drowned with his wife in crossing the Calcutta River. Whereupon Mr. Thomas wrote so warm a letter of Christian sympathy that a reconciliation took place, and Mr. Udny offered him employment. Carey was of course mentioned, and a similar invitation was sent to him. The terms were a salary of £250, with a possible share in the profits.

In Carey's circumstances this event could not be regarded as less than providential. 'For a long time,' he writes, 'my mouth has been shut, and my days have been beclouded with heaviness. But now I begin to be something like a traveller who has been almost beaten out in a violent storm, and who, with all his clothes about him dripping wet, sees the sky begin to clear. So I, with only the prospect of a more pleasant season at hand, scarcely feel the sorrows of the present.'

In the end of May he set out with his family from the Sundarbans, leaving his sister-in-law behind, and reached Malda on 15th June. It was arranged that he should take charge of a factory at Mudnabati, thirty miles north of Malda, while Thomas was settled at Mahipaldighi, about sixteen miles farther north. What use Thomas was likely to be as an indigo planter it is hard to conceive, but it was employment for which Carey had special aptitude. Both men were to have free scope for mission work.

On receiving this appointment Carey at once wrote home to Fuller, the Society's secretary, intimating that he would no longer require financial support, but that he would still consider himself, in every other respect, the agent of the Society. Not only so, but, consecrating his all to God and practising the most rigid economy, he was able to contribute about one-third of his income to the Mission.

In contrast to this noble spirit the action

of the Committee of the Society was deplorable. They began to suspect Carey of being about to turn traitor to the cause—Carey who had sustained the cause single-handed and at such cost. They passed a resolution 'that though, on the whole, we cannot disapprove of the conduct of our brethren in their late engagement, yet, considering the frailty of human nature in the best of men, a letter of serious and affectionate caution be addressed to them.'

A letter was accordingly sent, in which Carey was warned to beware lest 'the spirit of the missionary be swallowed up in the pursuits of the merchant.' It took a considerable time for this precious epistle to reach India, but when Carey read it he was deeply pained. He felt that he had deserved better things from his friends. He had been sent out on the clear understanding that, as soon as possible, he should support himself. The Society was certainly not maintaining him, for in the first three

years of the Mission their whole contributions did not exceed £200.

But he had the testimony of a good conscience. 'To vindicate my own spirit or conduct,' he wrote, 'I should be very averse. It is a constant maxim with me that, if my conduct will not vindicate itself, it is not worth vindicating. . . . I only say that, after my family's obtaining a bare allowance, my whole income (and some months much more) goes for the purposes of the Gospel. . . . I am indeed poor, and shall always be so till the Bible is published in Bengali and Hindustani, and the people want no further instruction.'

CHAPTER IV

THE LONE PLANTER OF MUDNABATI

CAREY was now registered as an indigo planter, with a licence to reside in India for five years, and this covered the period of his residence at Mudnabati. With his knowledge of horticulture and passion for gardening it did not take him long to master his new duties. In the days before the discovery of aniline dyes the cultivation of indigo was an important industry in the East. The plant, growing about five feet high, was cut when in flower in the month of July, steeped in vats, boiled and strained so as to leave a deep-blue sediment, which thickened into slabs, ready to be cut up and sent to the market.

Carey was now happy in finding himself in daily contact with the natives. He had about ninety men under his charge, and

they became his first congregation. He was rapidly acquiring a knowledge of the language, and he spent his spare time preaching in the villages throughout the district. He was also assiduously preparing himself for the great work of translation which he afterwards accomplished at Serampore.

Unfortunately, the district round Mudnabati was low and marshy, subject to inundations during the rains, and therefore unhealthy. In September Carey was struck down with fever, and, while he was almost at death's door, his second youngest boy, Peter, died from dysentery. These troubles proved too much for the already overburdened mind of Mrs. Carey. She became insane, and continued under restraint for fourteen years till her death in 1808. About the time when her mind finally gave way she wrote a letter to Mr. Thomas containing grievous charges against her husband. His letter to Carey in reply is full of tender sym-

pathy, and shows the finer side of his character.

‘ You must endeavour to consider it a disease. The eyes and ears of many are upon you, to whom your conduct is unimpeachable with respect to all her charges. But if you show resentment, they have ears, and others have tongues set on fire. Were I in your case, I should be violent, but blessed be God, who suits our burdens to our backs. Sometimes I pray earnestly for you, and I always feel for you. Think of Job. Think of Jesus. Think of those who were “destitute, afflicted, tormented.” ’

Truly Carey had need of the patience of Job. He closes the year with the following reflection in his journal: ‘ I have gone through many changes this year, but how much has the goodness of God exceeded my expectations ! ’ After all, 1794 had been a year of grace as well as a year of trial.

His journal in 1795 reveals many hours of darkness and spiritual struggle.

‘Feb. 3. This is indeed the valley of the shadow of death to me, except that my soul is much more insensible than John Bunyan’s Pilgrim. O! what would I give for a kind sympathetic friend, such as I had in England, to whom I might open my heart! But I rejoice that I am here notwithstanding, and God is here, who not only can have compassion, but is able to save to the uttermost.’

Occasionally he finds a little forlorn pleasure in thinking of old times, and he tries to drown his heaviness by writing to his friends in England. In his loneliness he is much thrown back on God. Never for a moment does he suffer depression or any earthly trial to hinder him in his work. In December he writes to the Society :

‘I am just returned from a tour through about half the district in which my business lies, and the whole of which consists of about two hundred villages. In this tour I took a boat for my lodging and the convenience of cooking my victuals, but per-

formed the journey on foot, walking from twelve to twenty miles a day, and preaching, or rather conversing, from place to place, about the things of the kingdom of God.'

Sometimes he engages in discussion with a Brahmin, questioning him in the most skilful Socratic manner, until he is entangled in a maze of contradictions, and the little group of listeners disperse with something new to think about. At other times his preaching is more formal. He thus describes a visit to Chinsurah, which was then a large village about four miles from Mudnabati :

'I went one Lord's Day afternoon to this place, attended by a few persons from Mudnabati. When I got into the town I saw an idolatrous temple, built very finely with bricks. In order to excite attention I asked what place that was. They said it was Thakurani, that is, a Debta. I asked if it was alive ; they said, "Yes." "Well," said I, "I will see her," and accordingly went towards the place, when they all called out,

"No, sir, no, it is only a stone." I, however, mounted the steps and began to talk about the folly and wickedness of idolatry. A bazar or market, near, was very noisy, I therefore removed to a little distance under a tamarind tree, where we began by singing the hymn, "O, who besides can deliver." By this time a pretty large concourse of people was assembled, and I began to discourse with them upon the things of God.'

It was said of Gladstone that he slept and woke with the thought of the universe. Of Carey it might be said, with equal truth, that sleeping or waking he carried the heathen world upon his heart. He writes with enthusiasm of a possible expansion of the Society's work.

'I am glad the mission to Africa is intended. God make it prosperous! Think of Tibet, Pegu, and the astonishingly large part of Hindustan to the west and to the north. Tibet is near us, we could correspond with a mission at Pegu, or any

part of the Rohillas country, Oude, Cashmere, Cabul, etc., though very far from us. But I know your zeal, may God give you resources equal to it !'

Four months later he writes of his own work : ' I feel as a farmer does about his crop. Sometimes I think the seed is springing, and thus I hope. A little time blasts all, and my hopes are gone like a cloud. They were only weeds that appeared, or if a little corn sprung up, it quickly died, being either choked with weeds, or parched up by the sun of persecution. Yet still I hope in God, and will go forth in His strength, and make mention of His righteousness, even of His only.'

By the year 1796 Carey had completed his first translation of the New Testament into Bengali. In this he was aided by a native scholar, and he thus describes the manner of their work together :

' I employ a pundit with whom I go through the whole in as exact a manner as

I can. He judges of the style and syntax, and I of the faithfulness of the translation. I have, however, translated several chapters together, which have not required any alteration in the syntax whatsoever, yet I always submit this article entirely to his judgment. I can also, by hearing him read, judge whether he understands his subject by his accenting his reading properly, and laying the emphasis on the right words. If he fails in this, I immediately suspect the translation.'

This system of working Carey continued to use, even after he was master of the language, and it was only the co-operation of native pundits which made possible the extraordinary output of translations at Serampore.

He had not proceeded far in his study of Bengali when he came to realise its dependence on Sanskrit, the mother tongue of the East. He thereupon, with his usual thoroughness, set himself to the task of learning Sanskrit, and found in

it the key to many of the languages and dialects of India.

He was now faced with the problem of getting his translations printed, and he suggested to Fuller that the Society should send him out a printing-press. While the matter was being discussed he learned that a wooden printing-press was for sale in Calcutta. He at once bought it for forty pounds, and when it was erected at Mudnabati his delight was so great as to create in the minds of some of the natives the impression that it was an English idol.

His passion for gardening was in no wise diminished. As soon as he was settled at Mudnabati he wrote to the Society, on 5th August 1794: 'I wish you also to send me a few instruments of husbandry, viz. scythes, sickles, plough-wheels, and such things, and a yearly assortment of all garden and flowering seeds, and seeds of fruit trees, that you can possibly procure. And let them be packed in papers, or

bottles well stopped, which is the best method. All these things, at whatever price you can procure them, and the seeds of all sorts of field and forest trees, etc., I will regularly remit you the money for, every year, and I hope I may depend on the exertions of my numerous friends to procure them. Apply to London seedsmen and others, as it will be a lasting advantage to this country, and I shall have it in my power to do this for what I now call my own country.'

His interests were wide and varied, his knowledge amazing. In his own methodical way he began sending home to his friends information upon every subject connected with India.

'I have opened books of observation,' he writes, 'which I hope to communicate when they are sufficiently authenticated and matured. I also intend to assign a peculiar share to each of my stated correspondents. To you I shall write some account of the arts, utensils, and manu-

factures of the country, to Brother Sutcliff their mythology and religion, to Brother Ryland the manners and customs of the inhabitants, to Brother Fuller the productions of the country, to Brother Pearce the language, etc., and to the Society a joint account of the Mission.'

He kept 'separate books for every distinct class, as birds, beasts, fishes, reptiles, etc.,' and some of his letters read like pages from a text-book on botany.

CHAPTER V

SPLENDIDLY STEADFAST

TOWARDS the close of 1796 a young missionary, Mr. Fountain, was sent out to join the Mission. He travelled as a ship's steward, and, landing at Calcutta, made his way up country to Mudnabati. Carey was almost as unfortunate in his second colleague as in his first. Mr. Fountain is described as 'a man of small stature and of small mind.' He had caught the infection of the French Revolution, and vehemently deblaterated, in speech and letter, against the Government in India and in England. Fuller was compelled at length to administer a most severe rebuke.

'If,' he wrote, 'you are so infatuated with political folly as not to be able to write a letter to England without sneering

sarcasms against Government, cursing monopolies, expressing the hope of revolution work going on, etc., I must say, once for all, that the Society, much as they esteem you in other respects, will be under the necessity of publicly disowning you. Brother Fountain, you have been playing so long at the mouth of the cockatrice den, that he seems to you harmless. Spare thyself, or, if you have no regard for yourself, spare that cause which is worth thousands of such lives as yours or ours.'

To Carey he expressed the fear that Fountain's rashness would be 'a canker-worm at the root of his religion as well as a millstone about the Mission.' Carey's reply is the essence of Christian charity: 'I think I may assure you that you have nothing to fear from him. I think that your fears arose from the best of principles, but also think they were carried to excess on this occasion, and that your observations thereon were too strong. . . . You were

near killing him. Be assured, however, that he is a good man, and fear not to place a proper confidence in him.' Nothing is more conspicuous in Carey's character than his fine loyalty to his colleagues, sorely as some of them must have vexed his spirit.

In 1797 Carey and Thomas visited Bhutan, which at that time included the whole country from Darjeeling to Assam, now the tea-garden of India. They were received with ceremony by the Suba, or lieutenant-governor of the Jalpaiguri district.

'He treated us with tea,' writes Carey, 'which they call runga. The teapot is a large bamboo, with a hole perforated through one of its knots on the inside, which is the spout. The tea is made into cakes with some composition, and is, when used, mixed with boiling water, *ghee* (melted butter), and salt. We tried in vain to swallow it, though the Bhutia drank very copiously of it.'

One object of this journey was to survey Bhutan as a possible field for the Mission, if it should be expelled from the Company's territory, as seemed at that time not unlikely. From this date onward, Mr. Thomas led a somewhat wandering life, though he still continued with ardour his work of preaching and healing.

The great pioneer held on his way with magnificent steadfastness. 'Mr. Thomas,' he writes, 'is gone far away, and my domestic troubles are sometimes almost too heavy for me. I am distressed, yet supported, and I trust not wholly dead in the things of God. I do a little, and I wish to do more, but the whole weight lies on me.'

Besides his work among the natives, he conducted services for the scattered Europeans in the district. Among these was a trader of Portuguese descent, Ignatius Fernandez by name, who, being converted under Carey's ministry, built a place of worship at his own station of Dinajpore,

in which he continued to preach in English and Bengali until his death in 1830, when he left all his property to the Mission.

Of spiritual fruit among the natives the evidences were slow to appear. In January 1799 Carey reports to the Society that 'the success we meet with in preaching the Gospel, we must confess and lament, is very far short of what we wish, and I fear very short of what you expect. Yet our state is not desperate.'

1800
In the following September he has to announce to Fuller that the indigo works at Mudnabati have been given up, and his salary is to cease on 31st December. This was owing partly to a succession of bad seasons with disastrous floods, partly to heavy money losses that had befallen Mr. Udny and determined him to retire to England. Carey continues in his letter: 'At no time have the affairs of the Mission appeared more gloomy, in point of success, than at the present.' Some, of

whom he had cherished hopes, have disappointed him, and he adds, 'No one has appeared to be awakened this year, or even to have been stirred in the least degree.'

Fountain

Visit to Bhutan

Thomas's wandering life

Ignatius Fernandez at Singapore

Lack of success.

Lost the appointment.

CHAPTER VI

‘ THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS IS GONE FORTH ’

BUT Carey had accomplished a far greater work than he imagined. He had planted the missionary ideal in the Christian mind of the English-speaking world, where it now began to take firm root and grow, throwing out vigorous branches. The Society formed at Kettering, which sent him to India, was at first of small account in the eyes of the world. When Fuller went to London to solicit help, he met with many a rebuff. Sometimes he would turn down a side street that he might not be seen to weep. ‘ When we began in 1792,’ he says, ‘ there was little or no respectability among us, not so much as a squire to sit in the chair, or an orator to address him with speeches. Hence good Dr. Stennett, yes, and even Abraham

Booth also, advised the London ministers to stand aloof, and not commit themselves.’ Now a widespread interest had been aroused, and the Londoners were keen to have the meetings of the Society transferred to the metropolis.

After Carey sailed for India his friends anxiously awaited news of him for over a year. When his first report reached Fuller, the Committee met, and having sung ‘with sacred joy’ the missionary hymn,

O’er those gloomy hills of darkness,

they ‘returned solemn thanks to the everlasting God, whose mercy endureth for ever.’

By the same mail Carey had written to his friend Dr. Ryland of Bristol, and this letter proved to be the seed from which sprang the London Missionary Society. On receiving the letter Dr. Ryland sent a messenger to two prominent Nonconformists, Dr. Bogue and Mr. Stephen, who happened to be in Bristol at the time,

inviting them to come and hear the letter read. They came, and, after listening to Carey's report, discussed the possibility of forming a missionary society in the non-Baptist Churches. Dr. Bogue thereupon wrote a letter to the *Evangelical Magazine* which led to a meeting being called in London, at which the L.M.S. was constituted in 1795.

Scotland next felt the impulse. The famous Robert Haldane, on reading Carey's first report, which had now been published, was so profoundly moved that he sold his estate of Airthrie for £35,000, and offered to devote himself and his fortune to establishing a Presbyterian mission at Benares. Haldane, having some influence among the Directors of the East India Company, approached the Board with a request to be permitted to go to India as a missionary, but he was met with a firm refusal, for 'weighty and substantial reasons,' which, however, were not specified. His scheme, accordingly, fell to the ground, but in 1796

the Scottish and the Glasgow Missionary Societies were formed. Scotland was ever loyal to Carey, even when his own Society turned against him.

In 1797 there was formed in connection with the Church of England a 'Society for Missions to Africa and the East,' which afterwards became the illustrious Church Missionary Society. Its connection with Carey may be inferred from the fact that his old friend Thomas Scott, the curate of Olney, was its first secretary.

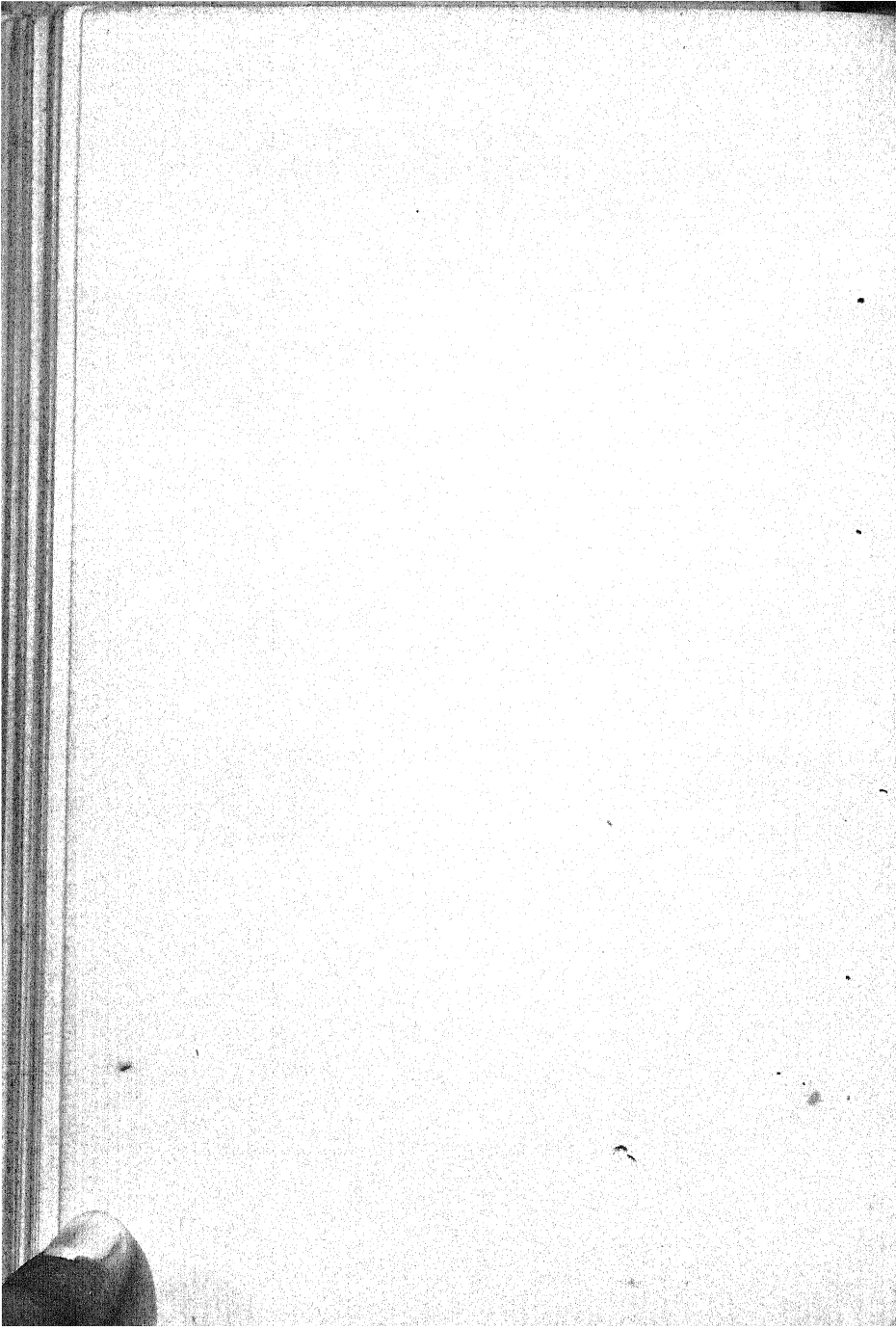
Moreover, it was mainly the impulse given by Carey's great work of Bible translation, and the need for aiding it, that led in 1804 to the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society. In America, too, there was an awakening of interest. The evangelical churches of New England were early in touch with Carey, and sent him help in both men and money, their greatest gift, perhaps, being Adoniram Judson, the apostle of Burma.

Thus from the swamps of Mudnabati a

new spirit went forth throughout the Churches of the West, and one humble worker kindled many torches by the flame of his holy zeal. Well might Fuller write to him :

‘ Your work is a great work, and the eyes of the religious world are upon you. Your undertaking, with that of your dear colleague, has provoked many. The spirit of missions is gone forth. I wish it may never stop till the Gospel is sent unto all the world.’

PART III
THE SERAMPORE BROTHERHOOD



CHAPTER I

UNDER THE DANISH FLAG

IN 1799 Carey received word that reinforcements were coming out to join the Mission. These were Joshua Marshman and William Ward, who subsequently formed with Carey the famous Three of Serampore. They were accompanied by two young men from Dr. Ryland's congregation in Bristol, Brunsdon and Grant, who died soon after reaching India, and by Hannah Marshman, whose services to the Mission were hardly inferior to those of her illustrious husband.

Marshman, like Carey, was an omnivorous reader and a great linguist. After being a weaver and a bookseller, he took charge of a charity school in Bristol, where he was the means of the conversion of Grant, one of his pupils. Hearing that Grant

was going to India, Marshman also volunteered at the last moment, and in five weeks' time was sailing down the Channel.

Ward was a Derbyshire man, who had been a printer and newspaper editor in Hull till he resolved to study for the ministry. Carey, on the eve of his departure for India, had met Ward in Hull and said to him :

' If the Lord bless us, we shall want a person of your business to enable us to print the Scriptures. I hope you will come after us.'

On being accepted for the Mission, Ward wrote to Carey : ' I know not whether you will be able to remember a young man, a printer, walking with you from Rippon's chapel one Lord's Day, and conversing with you on your journey to India. But that person is coming to see you, and that person is the writer of this letter. . . . It is in my heart to live and die with you, to spend and be spent with you.'

When the news reached Carey his pleasure was only equalled by his perplexity. His own position at the time was anything but secure. The authorities had refused to license Fountain as an assistant planter, and it was doubtful if Carey's own licence would be renewed. In the previous year a new influence, more favourable to missions, had appeared in India in the person of Lord Mornington, afterwards the Marquis of Wellesley, the noble brother of the great Duke of Wellington. Fuller thereupon suggested to Carey to appeal to him for legal status in India as a missionary. Carey smiled at the simplicity of his friend, and explained to him that there was no such thing as legal status in India; that all Europeans resided there on the sufferance of the Company, and were he to register himself as a missionary, and force the question of whether missionaries should be allowed to settle in the country as such or not, the decision would undoubtedly be adverse.

'I would not, however,' he continues, 'have you suppose that we are obliged to conceal ourselves, or our work. No such thing. We preach before magistrates and judges, and were I in the company of Lord Mornington, I should not hesitate to declare myself a missionary to the heathen, though I would not on any account return myself as such to the Governor-General in Council.'

Meantime, the Society had applied to the Board of Directors in London for passports to India for the new missionaries. The request was refused, as might have been expected, but Charles Grant, the most distinguished member of the Board, who had the warmest sympathy for the Mission, suggested to Fuller that the missionaries should not attempt to land at Calcutta, but proceed up the Hugli to Serampore, where they could find shelter under the Danish flag till they could communicate with Carey.

Across the Hugli from Calcutta a fertile

ridge of mud runs for miles up the right bank of the river, separating the present channel from an older one to the west.

- The district has a teeming population, and accordingly various European trading companies, having obtained concessions from the Nabob of Moorshedabad, settled here, the Portuguese at Bandel, the French at Chandernagore, and the Dutch at Chinsurah. The last to obtain a concession were the Danes, who secured fifty acres of land at Serampore, two years before the battle of Plassey laid the Nabob's dominions at the feet of the East India Company.

• Serampore is sixteen miles up the Hugli from Calcutta, and in Carey's day it had reached the height of its prosperity. During the war of the French Revolution Chinsurah and Chandernagore had been taken by the British, and consequently Serampore, the only foreign settlement on the river, became the emporium for all non-British trade. Its reputation, however, was none

of the best, for it provided a very convenient Cave of Adullam for refugees of every sort. As Carey wrote after he settled there :

‘ This is a city of refuge for all who are in debt and afraid of their creditors, on which account a degree of disgrace is attached to an inhabitant thereof. And, indeed, the natives appear to me to be some of the vilest of the vile. There are also many native Portuguese, who are full as bad. Europeans are so transitory in their abode here that little can be said about them. The most respectable are the Danes.’

Marshman’s party sailed for India in an American vessel, the *Criterion*, which dropped anchor in the Hugli on 5th October 1799. The missionaries were at once sent up the river in boats to Serampore, where they were warmly welcomed by the Danish governor, Colonel Bie. Meantime, their arrival made no small stir in Calcutta. The matter came before the Governor-

General in Council, and the missionaries were ordered to leave the country. At the same time the vessel that brought them was refused a clearance until this order should be complied with.

The competence of these decisions was, to say the least, highly doubtful, for the mission party were legally passengers on an American vessel bound for a Danish port. Accordingly, after some negotiations, the Governor-General withdrew the interdict on condition that the missionaries should confine themselves to Serampore. Every influence was used to obtain permission to join Carey, who had taken over a branch factory of Mr. Udny's at Kidderpore, but in vain.

The only alternative was for Carey to cut his loss and join his brethren at Serampore, which he did, arriving on 10th January 1800. Next day he waited on the governor of the town, who received him cordially, and offered him the use of a Protestant church which he was then

building. This offer was gladly accepted, and Carey preached there till the time of his death. Thus, in the goodness of God, a city of refuge was provided for His servants, in the most densely populated part of India, where they might carry on His work undisturbed.

CHAPTER II

THE BOND OF THE BROTHERHOOD

THE situation which Carey had now to face was an exceedingly difficult one, and one that called for faith and courage in no ordinary degree. The combined mission party numbered nineteen souls, ten adults and nine children, and their bare maintenance in Serampore was likely to exceed, by a considerable amount, the meagre remittances from home. It was therefore necessary to find some other means of support.

Within a week of Carey's arrival a plan of action was formed. It was agreed that all should live together, and be supported by a common fund, into which all individual earnings should go. The Marshmans arranged to open a boarding-school, while Ward hoped to make the

printing-press a financial success. All were to labour whole-heartedly, according to their ability, for the common cause, and every penny was to be consecrated to the extension of the Mission. All the members of the family met daily at the common table, morning and evening they united in family worship, and on Saturday night they assembled to renew their pledge of brotherly love.

After five years, when the Mission had prospered and extended, a revised form of agreement was drawn up, to be read thrice a year in all the stations of the Mission. It concludes with these noble words :

‘ Finally, let us give ourselves unreservedly to this glorious cause. Let us never think that our time, our gifts, our strength, our families, or even the clothes we wear, are our own. Let us sanctify them all to God and His cause. O that He may sanctify us for His work! Let us for ever shut out the idea of laying up a

cowrie (mite) for ourselves or our children.

. . . No private family ever enjoyed a greater portion of happiness, even in the most prosperous gale of worldly prosperity, than we have done since we resolved to have all things in common. If we are enabled to persevere in the same principles, we may hope that multitudes of converted souls will have reason to bless God to all eternity for sending His Gospel into this country.'

The Serampore Brotherhood, formed to express this lofty ideal, was perhaps not fitted to become a permanent institution, human nature being what it is. But in the hands of the immortal Three, and animated by their spirit of perfect devotion, it was a complete success, both spiritually and financially. It was not only self-supporting, but contributed thousands of pounds for the missionary cause. It spread a network of out-stations over northern India, and its achievements were an inspiration to the Christian world.

The home of the Mission was a commodious house, with a verandah in front and some detached buildings on either side, which stood in two acres of ground on the bank of the Hugli, looking across the river to the Governor-General's summer residence at Barrackpore. Here Ward set up his printing-press and Marshman established his school, while Carey in his leisure moments transformed the two acres into his famous Botanic Garden, and beautified the neighbourhood with avenues of mahogany trees. A short distance down the river the Serampore College was afterwards built, with teachers' houses and a hostel for native students. Between the two, but farther back from the river, was the paper-mill, which was for long the only one of its kind in India, and which, half a century after, when it had ceased to be connected with the Mission, supplied the cartridge-paper of Indian Mutiny fame.

The missionaries lost no time in getting

to work. Carey of course preached to the natives from the first day of coming to Serampore.

‘This morning,’ writes Ward, ‘Brother Carey and I took our stand like two ballad-singers, and began singing in Bengali before one of Seeb’s temples, under a canopy which had been spread for his worshippers. . . . I suppose Brother Carey has preached a thousand sermons to such congregations as these.’

Ward soon had the printing-press in working order, and was able, on 18th March, to put into Carey’s hand the first sheet of the Bengali New Testament. It contained the opening verses of Matthew’s Gospel, and as Carey handled the coarse paper and gazed at the rough, blurred type, his heart leaped with joy, for he saw in it the beginning of great things. When the first complete copy of the New Testament was finished about a year later, he laid it reverently on the Communion-table in the chapel, while his colleagues and

converts gathered round and joined in giving thanks to God.

On 1st May the Marshmans opened their boarding-school, into which they received many Anglo-Indian children, whose moral and religious education had been utterly neglected hitherto. On 1st June a Bengali free school for native boys was opened, and soon contained from forty to fifty pupils.

CHAPTER III

THE FIRST CONVERTS

It was not long before the fruit of these labours began to appear. For seven years Carey had preached at Mudnabati without making a single convert from Hinduism. Happily, at Serampore it was different. Ere the year was out the first convert was baptized.

A Hindu, by name Krishna Pal, having dislocated his arm, came under the care of Mr. Thomas, by whose words he was aroused and enlightened. His wife and sister-in-law, with his four daughters, received the truth from his lips, and were all of one mind in desiring to confess the Christian faith. About the same time another Hindu, named Gokul, who had listened to Carey's preaching, and held

frequent discussions with him, was brought, after two months of deep anxiety, into the light.

Carey writes: 'Dec. 22. Gokul and Krishna have this day thrown away their caste. They came on purpose to eat with us, and after a few minutes spent in prayer by me, Krishna, Gokul, and Brother Thomas, they sat down to table, and ate with us in the presence of all. They, with the two women, will come to-night, to give in their experience, and next Lord's Day I expect to baptize four natives, Mr. Fernandez, and my son Felix. Yesterday was Lord's Day, but I have not time now to say more than that it was a glorious day.'

Unhappily, this glorious day proved too much for the ill-balanced mind of Mr. Thomas, who became insane. 'I think,' writes Carey, 'the joy he experienced in the prospect of seeing the baptism of a Hindu, hastened a disease to which, I think, he is constitutionally predisposed.' He died

in the following October at the house of Mr. Fernandez.

These conversions created considerable excitement among the native population of Serampore. The night that Krishna and Gokul broke caste they were seized by the mob and hurried off to prison, from which, however, they were speedily released. Krishna's eldest daughter was betrothed to a native in Calcutta, and, although he was already married, both Danish and English courts upheld his rights, and the girl was carried off against her will. After some time, finding her life unbearable, she fled home to her father's house.

In spite of opposition the work prospered, and the little Christian community steadily grew. Writing to his sisters in November 1801, Carey says: 'Hitherto the Lord has helped me. I have lived to see the Bible translated into Bengali, and the whole New Testament printed. The first volume of the Old Testament will also soon appear.

I have lived to see two of my sons converted, and one of them join the Church of Christ. I have lived to baptize five native Hindus, and to see a sixth baptized, and to see them walk worthy of the vocation for twelve months since they first made a profession of faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.'

In 1802 a notable convert was gained in the person of Krishna Prasad, 'the first Brahmin in all India to bow his neck to the Gospel.' He took the sevenfold sacred thread which denoted his caste, and trampled it under foot. After some training he became the first ordained native preacher in connection with the Mission. The infuriated mob heaped insults upon him, smashed his hookah, and pelted him with dung. He bore it all with rare Christian patience. 'Insults and stripes,' he said, 'are sweet to me for Christ.'

Hardly less striking than his conversion was his marriage. In April he wedded Krishna Pal's daughter Anandamayi, a Kulin Brahmin uniting himself with a

Sudra. To Carey it was indeed a notable sign, portending the ultimate downfall of caste in India and the dawn of Christian brotherhood. By the end of 1804 the number of baptized converts was forty-eight, of whom several were Brahmins.

These joyful days of early harvest were not without bitter trials and persecutions. 'A Brahmin threatened to spit in Carey's face. Barbers disdained to shave native Christians, traders to serve them. Fakira was more than probably put away. Syam Das murdered within nine months of baptism. Ram Dahn was decoyed home on the pretence of his mother being snake-bitten, and never permitted to return. Pitambar Mitra, a Kyast, was drugged by his vexed father, and from joy in Christ, with his brave baptized wife Draupadi, fell into melancholy that nothing could relieve. Kasi Nath was flogged by his neighbours, till in fear he recanted.'

Quarrels also and jealousy broke out among the little band of converts, whose

heads were no doubt turned by the attentions they had received from the white sahibs, a danger which every missionary has to guard against.

‘How discouraged we sometimes are,’ wrote Ward, ‘by their accusations, quarrels, and apparent untruths! Truly a missionary’s hardest work is not travel in a hot climate!’

It cost Carey prayers and tears and sleepless nights ere harmony was restored. Yet he was ever hopeful. ‘Even when viewed at their worst,’ he said, ‘we can truly call them the excellent of Bengal.’ Thus the word of God grew and prevailed.

In these early days Carey’s letters frequently refer to the happy spirit pervading the Brotherhood: ‘We live in the most desirable love with one another, and, I think, are of one heart and one soul in the work.’ ‘We are still a happy, healthful, and highly favoured family. . . . We did not come into this country to be placed in what are called easy circum-

stances respecting this world, and we trust that nothing but the salvation of souls will satisfy us. True, before we set off, we thought we could die content if we should be permitted to see the half of what we have already seen, yet now we seem almost as far from the mark of our missionary high calling as ever. If three millions of men were drowning, he must be a monster who should be content with saving one individual only, though for the deliverance of one he would find cause for perpetual gratitude.'

CHAPTER IV

THE WINGÉD WORD

WARD in one of his letters gives a vivid picture of another side of the work at Serampore: 'As you enter, you see your cousin in a small room, dressed in a white jacket, reading or writing, and looking over the office, which is more than 170 feet long. There you find Indians translating the Scriptures into the different tongues, or correcting proof sheets. You observe, laid out in cases, types in Arabic, Persian, Nagari, Telegu, Panjabi, Bengali, Marathi, Chinese, Oriya, Burmese, Kanar-ese, Greek, Hebrew, and English. Hindus, Mussulmans, and Christian Indians are busy, composing, correcting, distributing. Next are four men throwing off the Scripture sheets in the different languages, others folding the sheets and delivering

them to the large store-room, and six Mussulmans do the binding. Beyond the office are the varied type-casters, besides a group of men making ink, and in a spacious open walled-round place, our paper-mill, for we manufacture our own paper.'

Of all these activities Carey was the mainspring. Undoubtedly his greatest work, and that to which he was most devoted, was his work of Bible translation. By his extraordinary aptitude for languages, and by the whole course of his previous studies, he was peculiarly fitted to render this service to India and the cause of Christ. It was his chief ambition to enable all the tribes and nations of the East to read, every one in their own tongue, the story of the wonderful works of God. To this great task he devoted himself, throughout the thirty-four years of his life at Serampore, with a zeal and an assiduity that never flagged.

He is popularly credited with having

translated the Bible, in whole or in part, into no fewer than forty different languages and dialects. Such an achievement would be beyond the powers of any single individual, however gifted. The actual truth—and it is sufficiently astonishing—is that, during Carey's lifetime and under his supervision, there issued from the press at Serampore editions of the Bible in forty languages and dialects.

The principal translations were Carey's own work, while some were done by his colleagues, notably the Chinese by Marshman. For the rest he employed native pundits, whose work he revised and edited. Many of the dialects were near of kin, and nearly all were derived from Sanskrit. Carey was therefore able, with his mastery of Sanskrit, to pick up in a remarkably short time a sufficient working knowledge of these dialects to enable him to do his work of revision. He never imagined that translations made under these conditions would be permanently satisfactory. His aim was

simply to break rough paths, in as many directions as possible, through the jungle of heathenism, to serve the immediate needs of pilgrim feet, and make the way clearer for those who should come after.

When every allowance is made, it was a great, and even unique, achievement, which places the name of Carey beside Jerome and Luther, Wiclif and Tyndale, in the front rank of the Bible translators of all time. Like Wiclif, who sent forth his 'poor priests' with the English Bible in their hand, so Carey sent out, through Bengal and North India, native preachers armed with the Bible translations and Gospel tracts which were being steadily issued from the press at Serampore.

Far beyond the circuit of the itinerant preachers the wingéd Word made its way, as Carey knew it would. 'Seventeen years after, when the Mission extended to the old capital of Dacca, there were found several villages of Hindu-born peasants who had given up idol-worship, were

renowned for their truthfulness, and, as searching for a true teacher come from God, called themselves "Satya-gurus." They traced their new faith to a much-worn book kept in a wooden box in one of their villages. No one could say whence it had come; all they knew was that they had possessed it for many years. It was Carey's first Bengali version of the New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.'

Carey's distinguished scholarship was not long in receiving recognition. About the time of his settlement in Serampore the Governor-General, now Marquis of Wellesley, founded a college in Calcutta for the better training of the Company's officials, whose study of native languages had hitherto been quite inadequate. It was then found that Carey was the only competent Bengali and Sanskrit scholar, and accordingly he was appointed to the college, first as teacher with a salary of £700, and afterwards as professor with a

salary of £1800. This salary, like all the earnings of the Brotherhood, was put into the common fund, and after meeting Carey's simple wants was devoted entirely to the work of the Mission.

For thirty years Carey continued to be the chief ornament of the Calcutta College, and the work he did was of first-rate importance. The field of Bengali and Sanskrit study was absolutely untrodden when he entered it. He had to begin by writing a Bengali grammar for his students, and later on he prepared his own textbooks. Half his week was now spent in Calcutta. He came down by boat from Serampore on Monday evening, and returned on Friday evening. But at both places, and on his weekly journeys between them, he was continually at work on his translations. He usually kept three pundits busily employed, and he grudged the time given to letter-writing, because it stole away precious hours from the Bengali Bible.

Carey's connection with Calcutta afforded new opportunities for mission work. His heart was moved by what he saw of the sin and heathenism of the great city. He found there was a lower class of European population, which was not reached by the official services of the chaplains in the two English churches, and he commenced a service for them. The place of meeting, however, was singularly ill-chosen. It was a large room in the house of Mr. Lindeman, an undertaker, and it had to be confessed that 'there was a natural repugnance in the minds of many to walk, Sunday after Sunday, through a range of coffins, and other such emblems of mortality.' With the help of friends in Calcutta this difficulty was by and by overcome, and a chapel was built in the Bow Bazar, one of the lowest quarters of the city. On the chapel being opened in 1809, the congregation rose in numbers to two hundred.

Carey also brought his first convert,

Krishna Pal, to Calcutta as a street preacher, and himself took an active interest in the work. He writes :

‘The number of inquirers constantly coming forward fills me with joy. Not having time to visit the people, I appropriate every Thursday evening to receiving the visits of inquirers. Seldom fewer than twenty come, and the simple confessions of their sinful state, the unvarnished declaration of their former ignorance, the expressions of trust in Christ and gratitude to Him, with the accounts of their spiritual conflicts, often attended with tears which almost choke their utterance, presents a scene of which you can scarcely entertain an adequate idea.’

In 1806 that ardent missionary spirit, Henry Martyn, arrived in Calcutta as one of the Company’s chaplains, drawn to the East by what he had heard from Simeon at Cambridge of Carey’s work. The senior chaplain at that time had his house at Serampore, and near it, on the river bank,

stood a deserted pagoda. This was fitted up as a private chapel, and here the Serampore missionaries, with their like-minded friends from Calcutta, were wont to meet for prayer.

Here, says Martyn, 'I lay in tears, interceding for the unfortunate natives of this country, thinking within myself that the most despicable *sudra* of India was of as much value in the sight of God as the King of Great Britain.' The place, now a ruin, is still pointed out as Henry Martyn's pagoda.

CHAPTER V

CARRYING GOD'S COMMISSION

THE mutiny at Vellore in South India, which occurred in 1806, though insignificant in itself, had a far-reaching effect upon the Serampore Mission. It excited among the authorities in Calcutta a great nervousness as to native feeling, and made them regard mission work with more suspicion than ever.

At this juncture worthy Captain Wickes, who had brought out Marshman's party in 1799, appeared in the Hugli, with two young missionaries, Chater and Robinson, on board the *Criterion*. The missionaries were at once arrested, and a clearance refused to the vessel that brought them. At the same time Carey was instructed to see that 'the Mission preached no more to the native people, nor distributed pamphlets, nor sent out native preachers.

Government did not interfere with the prejudices of the people. They required that neither should Mr. Carey nor his colleagues.'

Commenting on this, Carey says very truly: 'Such a letter was never written by a Christian government before. Roman Catholics have persecuted other Christians as heretics, but since the days of heathen Rome, no Christian government, however corrupt, has, so far as I know, prohibited attempts to spread Christianity amongst the heathen. We are all in mourning. I do not know that anything ever so affected me. My mind is full of tumultuous cogitations. I trust Jehovah will appear for us.'

After tedious negotiations the matter was settled on the understanding that the new missionaries should leave the country at the earliest opportunity.

To meet the difficulty, Carey, with his usual faith and courage, planned a mission to Burma, and, by a strange irony, the Governor-General, having recently doubled

his salary as Professor, became the means of supplying the necessary funds. The first two missionaries sailed for Burma in January 1807, and were soon after joined by Carey's eldest son Felix, a brilliant but erratic youth. By his medical skill he gained great influence at the Burmese court, and on one occasion he pled successfully for the life of a man whom he saw being crucified. At considerable risk to himself he urged his plea, while the crucified man hung in agony from three o'clock in the afternoon till nine o'clock at night. At last Felix took him down, brought him home and dressed his wounds, and in a remarkably short time he recovered from his dreadful experience. In 1814 Felix was sent to Calcutta as envoy of the Burmese Government, whereupon his father wrote sorrowfully: 'Felix is shrivelled from a missionary into an ambassador.' After a career of wild adventure Felix rejoined the Mission at Serampore, and died in 1823.

After Felix left for Burma his father wrote him : ' Your poor mother grew worse and worse from the time you left us, and died on the 7th December about seven o'clock in the evening. During her illness she was almost always asleep, and I suppose during the fourteen days that she lay in a severe fever she was not more than twenty-four hours awake. She was buried next day in the missionary burying-ground.' And so that poor troubled spirit entered into rest.

Adjoining the Mission premises at Serampore there was a house occupied by an invalid Danish lady. In a letter to Mr. Sutcliff in November 1800, Carey refers to her. ' I was last evening employed in teaching the English language to a German lady, who, I hope, possesses the grace of God. She is a person of large fortune. I believe her father was a count, but she informs me that he would never accept any but his hereditary title. She is from Sleswick, and has been instructed

in the school of affliction. She came last year into this country for her health, not having been able to speak or stand for some years. Her speech is restored, and she can walk a little. Her name is Rumohr. I trust she has met with some good to her soul in this place.'

This lady became Carey's second wife in 1808, and although she never ceased to be an invalid, her tender love and solicitous care for her husband, her complete sympathy with him in all his intellectual and missionary work, made the union a perfect one, and gave to Carey thirteen years of such domestic happiness as he had never known.

About a year after his second marriage Carey had an attack of fever so severe that for some time his life was despaired of. In his letters written shortly afterwards he tells some incidents connected with this illness which reveal, in a curious and interesting way, the character of the man. Marshman, having failed to find a doctor

in Calcutta, called in the army surgeon from Barrackpore, the military station on the opposite side of the river from Serampore.

‘I was then,’ writes Carey to his sisters, ‘in a high state of delirium, and had conceived a strong abhorrence of everything related to war. At this time this gentleman came, and, being attached to the army, was in his regimentals. The sight of a red coat filled me with abhorrence, and I treated him very roughly, and absolutely refused to touch his medicine. In vain did he retire and put on a black coat. I knew him and was resolved. I believe this agitation of spirits did me much injury, but just then in came Dr. Darling, in whom I had the most implicit confidence, and who had hastened and came before his time.’

In a letter to his friend Dr. Ryland, he writes regarding the same illness: ‘Calcutta, 16th August 1809. I did not expect, about a month ago, ever to write to you again.

I was then ill of a severe fever, and for a week together scarcely any hopes were entertained of my life. One or two days I was supposed to be dying, but the Lord has graciously restored me. May it be that I may live more than ever to His glory. . . . I had scarcely a thought of death or eternity, or of life, or anything belonging thereto. In my delirium, greatest part of which I perfectly remember, I was busily employed in carrying a commission from God to all the princes and governments in the world, requiring them instantly to abolish every political establishment of religion, and to sell the parish and other churches to the first body of Christians that would purchase them. Also to declare war infamous, to esteem all military officers as men who had sold themselves to destroy the human race, to extend this to all those dead men called heroes, defenders of their country, meritorious officers, etc. I was attended by angels in all my excursions, and was universally

successful. A few princes in Germany were refractory, but my attendants struck them dead instantly. I pronounced the doom of Rome to the Pope, and soon afterwards all the territory about Rome, the march of Ancona, the great city and all its riches sank into that vast bed of burning lava which heats Nero's bath. These two considerations were the delirious wanderings of the mind, but I hope to feel their force, to pray and strive for their accomplishment to the end of my life.'

CHAPTER VI

THROUGH GOOD REPORT AND ILL

IN 1807 the Brown University, U.S.A., had conferred on Carey the degree of Doctor of Divinity. At that time the Universities of Britain had no place on their rolls of honour for Nonconformists, but the success of the Serampore Mission was attracting, in ever-increasing degree, the attention and admiration of the Christian public. On the other hand, the Vellore mutiny had revived the antipathy to missions in India House circles. Irascible old Indians rushed into pamphlets, declaring that missions were hopeless, or if successful, then subversive of British rule. Napoleon himself, they affirmed, could not devise a surer plan for the overthrow of our Indian Empire. If this was to continue, then at least 'humanity required that we should preserve

the lives of our countrymen until we could send transports to bring them home.

The famous Sydney Smith joined in the attack, but, as often happens when the man of worldly culture deals with the subject of missions, his fine wit degenerated into coarse vulgarity and savage snarling. He referred with contempt to Serampore as 'a nest of consecrated cobblers.' 'The missionaries complain of intolerance,' he exclaimed. 'A weasel might as well complain of intolerance when he is throttled for sucking eggs.'

This ridiculous effusion would hardly be worthy of notice, were it not for the crushing reply it called forth from the poet Southey. After a convincing vindication of the Serampore Brotherhood, he concluded in the following noble strain :

'We who have thus vindicated them, are neither blind to what is erroneous in their doctrine, nor ludicrous in their phraseology. But the anti-missionaries cull out from their journals and letters all that is

ridiculous, sectarian and trifling, call them fools, madmen, tinkers, Calvinists and schismatics, and keep out of sight their love of man, and their zeal for God, and their self-devotement, their indefatigable industry, their unequalled learning. These low-born and low-bred mechanics have translated the whole Bible into Bengali, and have by this time printed it. They are printing the New Testament in the Sanskrit, the Orissa, the Mahratta, the Hindustani, and the Gujerati, and translating it into Persic, Telinga, Carnata, Chinese, the language of the Sikhs, and of the Burmans, and in four of these languages they are going on with the Bible. Extraordinary as this is, it will appear more so, when it is remembered that of these men, one was originally a shoemaker, another a printer at Hull, and a third a master of a charity school at Bristol. Only fourteen years have elapsed since Thomas and Carey set foot in India, and in that time these missionaries have acquired this gift of

tongues. In fourteen years these low-born, low-bred mechanics have done more towards spreading the knowledge of the Scriptures among the heathen, than has been accomplished, or even attempted, by all the princes and potentates of the world, and all the universities and establishments into the bargain.'

This was not the language of exaggeration, but of sober truth. In spite of every obstacle the Mission had grown and prospered beyond all expectation. It had been Carey's aim from the first to plant throughout India missionary settlements after the model of Serampore, each of which should be a centre of light to its own district. But any advance towards carrying out this policy had to be made with the utmost tact and caution, for, however friendly a local magistrate or official might be, the general attitude of the Company remained unchanged.

CHAPTER VII

GOD'S VINDICATION

AT the close of 1810 a detailed report of the Mission, drawn up by Ward, was sent home to the Society. Thirty agents were now at work in the field. Of these, nine had come from England, other nine, including Carey's two sons and Fernandez his first convert, had been trained in India, while there were twelve native evangelists and preachers. The work was carried on from five centres, which were combined under the name of the United Missions in India.

Besides Serampore with its various out-stations in Bengal, there was the mission in Burma founded in 1807, and a mission in Bhutan begun in 1809. The fourth centre was in the North-West Provinces, where, after permission to enter was granted in

1810, various cities were occupied in rapid succession from Benares to Delhi. Last there was a mission in Orissa, reaching out towards Central India. Over two hundred native converts had accepted baptism, while a far larger number were under Christian influences.

In Calcutta itself a marked change had taken place in the tone of English society. Carey wrote in 1810 :

‘The Lord is doing great things for Calcutta, and though infidelity abounds, yet religion is the theme of conversation or dispute in almost every house. A few weeks ago (October 1810) I called upon one of the Judges to take breakfast with him, and going rather abruptly upstairs, as I had been accustomed to do, I found the family just going to engage in family worship. . . . About ten days ago I had a conversation with one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, Sir John Boyd, upon religious subjects. Indeed there is now scarcely a place where you can pay a visit

without having an opportunity of saying something about true religion.'

All these things fully justify the concluding words of the report: 'And now, dear brethren, has not God completely refuted the notion that all attempts to disseminate the Gospel among the heathen are vain? This happy degree of success, which surprises us who are on the spot, has been granted within the space of about nine years, for it is no more since the baptism of the first Hindu. . . . God has done great things, not only by us, but through you. We can never separate ourselves from you for a moment in thinking what God has done for the Baptist Mission in India.'

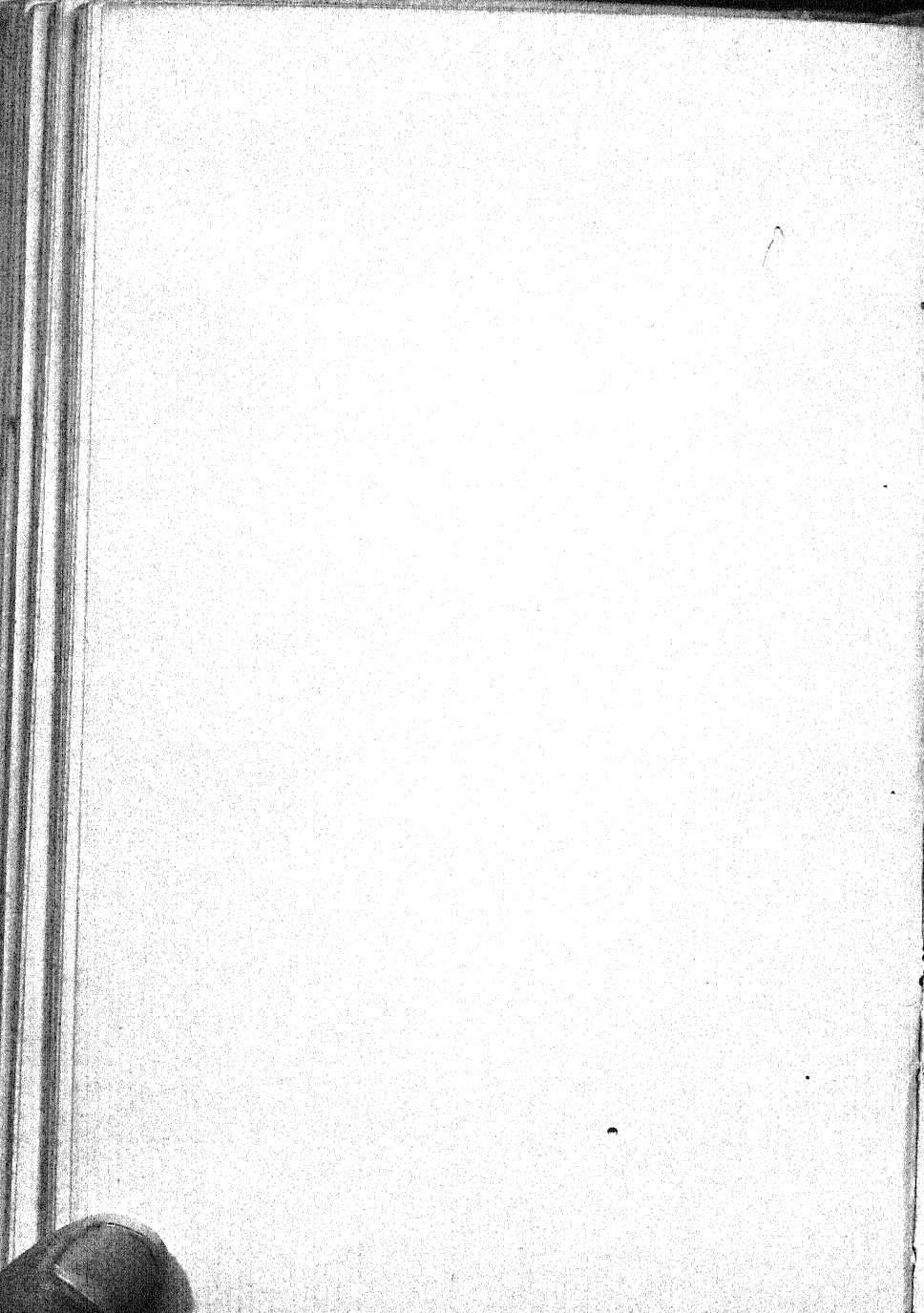
These achievements only brought a widened vision to the mind of Carey, and inflamed his ardent zeal for the evangelisation of the whole heathen world. We find him writing about this time to Dr. Ryland: 'The state of the world occupies my thoughts more and more, I mean as it

relates to the spread of the Gospel. The harvest truly is great, and labourers bear scarcely any proportion thereto.'

Then, after a survey of the needs of India and China, he continues: 'I have not mentioned Sumatra, Java, the Moluccas, the Philippines, or Japan, but all these countries must be supplied with missionaries. This is a very imperfect sketch of the wants of Asia only, without including the Mohammedan countries, but Africa and South America call as loudly for help, and the greatest part of Europe must be holpen by the Protestant Churches, being nearly as destitute of real godliness as any heathen country on the earth. What a pressing call, then, is there for labourers in the spiritual harvest, and what need that the attention of all the Churches in England and America should be drawn to this very object!'

Well might he have said, more truly even than John Wesley, 'The world is my parish.'

PART IV
THE SOLDIER-SAINT



CHAPTER I

AN INDIAN WIDOW

CAREY'S devotion to his work of Bible translation never made him a bookworm, or dulled his sympathy with his fellow-men. He could not live in India without becoming intimately acquainted with the social customs and religious practices of heathenism, and his gentle soul was moved to its depths by much that he saw and heard. Humanity was outraged in the name of religion, and a fanatical faith prompted the most dreadful atrocities.

Returning from a visit to Calcutta in 1799, he was eyewitness of the hideous ceremony of Sati, which he thus vividly describes in a letter to Dr. Ryland :

'As I was returning from Calcutta I saw the Sahamaranam, or a woman burning herself with the corpse of her husband,

for the first time in my life. We were near the village of Noya Serai, or, as Rennell calls it in his chart of the Hugh river, Niaverai. Being evening, we got out of the boat to walk, when we saw a number of people assembled on the river-side. I asked them what they were met for, and they told me to burn the body of a dead man. I inquired if his wife would die with him; they answered, yes, and pointed to the woman.

‘ She was standing by the pile, which was made of large billets of wood, about two and a half feet high, four feet long, and two wide, on the top of which lay the dead body of her husband. Her nearest relation stood by her, and near her was a small basket of sweetmeats called Thioy. I asked them if this was the woman’s choice, or if she were brought to it by any improper influence? They answered that it was perfectly voluntary. I talked till reasoning was of no use, and then began to exclaim with all my might against what

they were doing, telling them it was a shocking murder. They told me it was a great act of holiness, and added in a very surly manner, that if I did not like to see it I might go farther off, and desired me to go. I told them I would not go, that I was determined to stay and see the murder, and that I should certainly bear witness of it at the tribunal of God.

'I exhorted the woman not to throw away her life, to fear nothing, for no evil would follow her refusal to burn. But she in the most calm manner mounted the pile, and danced on it with her hands extended, as if in the utmost tranquillity of spirit. Previous to her mounting the pile the relation, whose office it was to set fire to the pile, led her six times round it, at two intervals—that is, thrice at each circumambulation. As she went round she scattered the sweetmeat above mentioned among the people, who picked it up and ate it as a very holy thing. This being ended, and she having mounted

the pile and danced as above mentioned (*N.B.*—The dancing only appeared to be to show *us* her contempt of death, and prove to us that her dying was voluntary), she lay down by the corpse, and put one arm under its neck and the other over it, when a quantity of dry cocoa leaves and other substances were piled over them to a considerable height, and then *ghee*, or melted preserved butter, poured on the top. Two bamboos were then put over them and held fast down, and fire put to the pile, which immediately blazed very fiercely, owing to the dry and combustible material of which it was composed.

‘No sooner was the fire kindled than all the people set up a great shout—Hurree Bol! Hurree Bol! which is a common shout of joy, and an invocation of Hurree or Seeb. It was impossible to have heard the woman had she groaned, or even cried aloud, on account of the mad noise of the people, and it was impossible for her to stir or struggle on account of the bamboos

which were held down on her like the levers of a press. We made much objection to their using these bamboos, and insisted that it was using force to prevent the woman getting up when the fire burned her. But they declared that it was only done to keep the pile from falling down. We could not bear to see more, but left them, exclaiming loudly against the murder, and full of horror at what we had seen.'

This dreadful scene Carey never forgot, and he determined by God's help to make such iniquity to cease. He repeatedly petitioned the Government in Calcutta to interfere. He collected evidence to show that, during six months of 1803, 275 widows were known to have been burned in the neighbourhood of Calcutta alone. At length the Government took legal advice on the subject, when it was found that the voluntary burning of the widow was not enjoined, but merely permitted, by Hindu law. Nevertheless, the judges

urged the principle of ' manifesting every possible indulgence to the religious opinions and prejudices of the natives.'

In 1812 an act was passed to regulate abuses, while still allowing the practice. A lurid light was then thrown upon the whole nefarious business. A girl widow was rescued who had been drugged by the Brahmins. Another widow, whose courage failed at the last moment, had to be guarded from the rage of the disappointed mob; while another, who sprang up when she felt the torture of the fire, and plunged into the river, was dragged back by her own relatives, and would have been burnt but for the interference of the police.

Carey did not cease to agitate in India and to stir up his friends in England, until in 1829 the Government found courage to forbid the practice. This regulation passed the Council on Saturday afternoon, the 4th of December, and immediately a copy of it was sent to Carey for translation into Bengali. For once he put his

preaching aside, and spent the Sunday in preparing the translation, in order that not a day nor a single life more might be lost.

Fears had been expressed of the dire results that would follow this interference with native custom, but the issue proved the soundness of the Governor-General's dictum that 'there was never a greater bugbear than this question, when thoroughly sifted, proved to be.' In five years' time Sati became matter of history, and in less than twenty years natives, jealous for the reputation of their country, were found affirming that it never existed.

CHAPTER II

THE VICTIMS OF IDOLATRY

CAREY was more immediately successful in his efforts to prevent the sacrifice of infants and the religious drownings in the holy waters of the Ganges. Mothers threw their babies into the sacred river in fulfilment of a vow. Female infants, who were thought not likely to get husbands of their own caste, were put to death. Moreover, at the spot where the Ganges meets the ocean, multitudes of pilgrims were wont to gather at certain seasons, when widows, and even men, in their frenzy, would plunge into the water and drown themselves in the hope of immediate bliss.

Carey petitioned the Government against these inhuman practices, and was able to report in 1808 that they had been successfully stopped.

In 1812 he travelled up the Hugli to the old town of Cutwa, where his second son William was working as a missionary. William had seen the burning of a leper, which he thus describes :

‘ A pit about ten cubits in depth was dug, and a fire placed at the bottom of it. The poor man rolled himself into it, but instantly, on feeling the fire, begged to be taken out, and struggled hard for that purpose. His mother and sister, however, thrust him in again, and thus a man, who to all appearance might have survived several years, was cruelly burned to death. I find that the practice is not uncommon in these parts. Taught that a violent end purifies the body and ensures transmigration into a healthy new existence, while natural death by disease results in four successive births, and a fifth as a leper again, the leper, like the even more wretched widow, has always courted suicide.’

This appalling sight led Carey to promote the founding of a leper hospital in Calcutta,

where some at least of these unhappy beings might receive the benefit of Christian care.

Yet it was but little that one man could do to stem the vast torrent of evils. We find him writing mournfully in 1813 :

‘ Idolatry destroys more than the sword, yet in a way that is scarcely perceived. The numbers who die in their long pilgrimages, either through want or fatigue, or from dysenteries and fevers caught by lying out, and want of accommodation, is incredible. I only mention one idol, the famous Juggernaut in Orissa, to which twelve or thirteen pilgrimages are made every year. It is calculated that the number who go thither is, on some occasions, 600,000 persons, and scarcely ever less than 100,000. I suppose, at the lowest calculation, that in the year 1,200,000 persons attend. Now, if only one in ten died, the mortality caused by this one idol would be 120,000 in a year. But some are of opinion that not many more than one in ten survive and return home again.

Besides these, I calculate that 10,000 women annually burn with the bodies of their deceased husbands, and the multitudes destroyed in other methods would swell the catalogue to an extent almost exceeding credibility.'

All this weight lay daily upon the soul of the great missionary as he strove, by voice and pen, to bring to the benighted millions of India the liberating truths of the Gospel.

CHAPTER III

THE PHOENIX OF SERAMPORE

IN the summer of 1812 the Judsons arrived at Calcutta, America's first missionaries to Asia. Through the hostility of the Indian Government they were forthwith expelled, and were subsequently led in God's providence to become the apostles of Burma. Fortunately, Mrs. Judson has left a vivid picture of the colony at Serampore:

'The three families live in separate houses, but eat together in a large hall. The buildings stand close to the river. The bell rings at 5 for the boys to rise for school, at 8 for breakfast, and immediately after breakfast for prayers in the large and elegant chapel, a hymn, Bible chapter and prayer. On Sunday, English worship 11 to 1, Bengali in the afternoon, and

English again in the evening. Monday evening, a conference for the native Christians; Tuesday evening, an hour spent in examining difficult Scriptures; Thursday and Saturday evenings, conferences. The garden is as superior to any in America, as America's best is to a common farmer's.'

Curiously enough, only a month later another American lady, Harriet Newell, visited the place, and was equally charmed with what she calls 'the happy dwelling of these friends of Immanuel.' 'Here peace and plenty reign, and we almost forgot that we are in a land of pagan darkness. Mrs. Carey is ill. Only Dr. Carey's youngest son now lives here, and has lately begun preaching at 16. Mrs. Ward has the care of providing for the whole Mission family, and is a motherly woman, very active and kind. Mrs. Marshman has a lovely school of English young ladies. Miss Phoebe Hobson, Dr. Carey's niece, is a very pretty girl. Captain Moxon from the Mahratta country is also

here and devoted to Phoebe, who made it her study to promote the comfort of them all. Mr. and Mrs. Carapeit Aratoon, Armenians, are on a visit. These, with the families of Drs. Carey and Marshman and Mr. and Mrs. Ward, and all the pupils, make the Mission company very large. A hundred or more sit down together in the dining-hall. Serampore is a charming place. The garden is large and much more elegant than any I ever saw in America. I love these dear missionaries very much. You would love them too, could you see them. I never experienced so many kindnesses.'

This hospitable and happy family had its own trials and sorrows. Of these Carey gives a brief but pregnant summary in a letter to Fuller in 1812:

'We have been smitten in a very tender part, and smitten repeatedly, within these few months. Poor brother Chamberlain has been successively bereaved of all his children, all three of them having been

removed within the short period of nine months. Brother Mardon has lost his partner in life, and, last week, his youngest child. Brother Ward has lost his youngest daughter but one, and brother Marshman his youngest son.

‘ And the week before last, our printing office, with all that it contained, was consumed by fire. Nothing was saved except the presses, which were in an adjoining room. . . . The loss cannot be estimated at less than 70,000 rupees. By this providence, several important manuscripts were lost. . . . The loss of manuscripts in the Telinga, Carnata, Sikh, Sanskrit, and Assam languages is a very heavy loss, but as the travelling of a road the second time, however painful it may be, is usually done with greater ease and certainty than when we travel it for the first time, so I trust the work will lose nothing in real value, nor will it be much retarded by this distressing event, for we shall begin printing in all these languages

the moment types are prepared. The ground must be laboured over again, but we are not discouraged, indeed the work is already begun in every language. We are cast down, but not in despair.'

Not a word here of the slow, bitter tears that rolled down his cheeks as he stood in front of the blackened ruins, with half-burnt bits of paper fluttering about his feet, and exclaimed, 'In one short evening the labours of years are consumed.'

This magnificent courage met its due reward. The disaster excited universal sympathy, and made the work of Serampore known in far wider than merely missionary circles. The £10,000 required to make good the money loss was immediately subscribed in England and Scotland, while generous gifts came from India and America.

At Serampore not a day was lost. As soon as the lumps of molten metal could be brought out of the smouldering ruin, the native type-cutter set to work upon them,

and in a few weeks sample sheets of the Tamil New Testament—'feathers of the phoenix,' Fuller called them—were on their way to England.

'This fire,' wrote Fuller, 'has given your undertaking a celebrity which nothing else it seems could, a celebrity which after all makes me tremble. . . . Ought we not to tremble? The public is now giving us their praises. Eight hundred guineas have been offered for Dr. Carey's likeness. . . . You have stood your ground through evil report, may you stand it under good report. Many who have endured the first have failed under the last. The icy mountain that can stand the winter's blast may melt before the summer's sun. Expect to be highly applauded, bitterly reproached, greatly moved, and much tried in every way. Oh, that having done all, you may stand!'

The eight hundred guineas was the gift of Mr. Gutteridge, a London business man, and a portrait was painted by Home,

representing Carey seated in his room in Calcutta with his Sanskrit Bible in front of him, and his Brahmin pundit by his side. This is the only portrait of Carey in existence. Engravings of it were sold at a guinea, and brought in a considerable sum to the funds of the Mission.

CHAPTER IV

THE FIGHT FOR THE CHARTER

It was not long before reproaches and trials succeeded the applause, as Fuller had predicted. The time was drawing near for the renewal of the East India Company's charter in 1813, and it was resolved that a great effort should be made to secure the toleration of Christian missions in India. Wilberforce declared it to be an object exceeding in its importance even the liberation of the slaves. This prospect may probably have sharpened the animosity of the anti-missionary officials of the Government in Calcutta. At any rate, they proceeded in 1812 to execute with rigour the standing orders of the Board of Directors against the admission of unlicensed persons into India.

It was at this juncture that the Judsons

arrived in Calcutta, on their way to found a mission in some part of the Far East. Their claim to be American citizens was scoffed at, and they were ordered to be deported. About the same time three recruits arrived for Serampore. Proceedings were at once taken against them—one was sent to prison under guard like a felon—and in spite of every effort of Carey and Marshman they were deported.

Happily, it was the last spasm of anti-missionary intolerance. The battle for freedom to evangelise India was fought and won on the charter of 1813. The Bill as introduced by the Government contained no reference to the subject, but through the exertions of Fuller and his friends petitions poured in to the House of Commons, till it was evident that the religious forces of the country were not to be denied. An amending clause was accordingly introduced.

In the debates that ensued upon the clause, the name of Carey figured

prominently. The wildest vituperations were poured upon him and his work. One member declared he had seen him preaching from a tub in the streets of Calcutta, and infuriating the mob to such a degree by his harangue that he had to be protected by the police. Needless to say, this was a sheer fabrication. Missionaries were referred to as 'inspired cobblers and fanatical tailors,' 'apostates from the loom and the anvil and renegades from the lowest handicraft employments.' In striking contrast to such rant was the eulogium pronounced upon the Serampore missionaries by the noble Wilberforce :

'In truth, Sir, these Anabaptist missionaries, as, among other low epithets bestowed on them, they have been contemptuously termed, are entitled to our highest respect and admiration. One of them, Dr. Carey, was originally in one of the lowest stations of society, but, under all the disadvantages of such a situation, he had the genius as well as benevolence

to devise a plan which has since been pursued of forming a society for communicating the blessings of Christian light to the natives of India, and his first care was to qualify himself to act a distinguished part in that truly noble enterprise. He resolutely applied himself to the diligent study of the learned languages. After making a considerable proficiency in them, he applied himself to several of the Oriental tongues, more especially to that which, I understand, is regarded as the parent of them all, the Sanskrit, in which last his proficiency is acknowledged to be greater than that of Sir W. Jones himself, or any other European. Of several of these languages he has already published grammars, of one or two of them a dictionary, and he has in contemplation still greater enterprises. All this time, Sir, he is labouring indefatigably as a missionary, with a warmth of zeal only equalled by that with which he prosecutes his literary labours.

'Another of these Anabaptist missionaries, Mr. Marshman, has established a seminary for the cultivation of the Chinese language, which he has studied with a success scarcely inferior to that of Dr. Carey in the Sanskrit. It is a merit of a more vulgar sort, but to those who are blind to their moral and even their literary excellences, it may perhaps afford an estimate of value, better suited to their principles and habits of calculation, that these men, and Mr. Ward also, another of the missionaries, acquiring from £1000 to £1500 per annum each, by the various exercise of their talents, throw the whole into the common stock of the Mission, which they thus support by their contributions only less effectively than by their researches and labours of a higher order. Such, Sir, are the exertions, such the merits, such the success of these great and good men, for so I shall not hesitate to term them.'

CHAPTER V

WOUNDED IN THE HOUSE OF HIS FRIENDS

IN 1815 Andrew Fuller died. He had been associated with the missionary enterprise from the first, and, as secretary of the Society, he had done more than any other man to organise and promote interest among the home churches. Faithfully had he kept his covenant to hold the rope while Carey went down and explored the mine. His death was not only a great personal loss to Carey, but unhappily it was followed by a bitter controversy, which extended over fifteen years, and led ultimately to the separation of Serampore from the Society.

Carey had had many trials, but never before had he been so deeply wounded in the house of his friends. In a letter to his son Jabez, written in 1814, he says: 'A

gentleman is the next best character after a Christian, and the latter includes the former.' His own conduct during the bitter years of controversy, his fine loyalty to his colleagues, his charity to his opponents, gave an admirable illustration, at once of the Christian and the gentleman.

Even before Fuller's death there were evidences of a narrow and carping spirit on the part of some members of the home Committee. Fuller refers with caustic humour to certain 'respectable' persons, who were now keen to have a hand in the management of the Society, and who urged the removal of its headquarters to London to increase its 'respectability.' He himself thought that the devotion of the missionaries in giving all their earnings to the funds was excessive, and suggested that they ought to retain part in order to provide for their families.

Some members of the Committee demurred to this, evidently willing to impose a rule on the men of Serampore which they

had no idea of applying to themselves. They even condescended to ridiculous details. Mrs. Ward having complained in a private letter of the price she had to pay for a bonnet out of the ten shillings a week allowed to her and her husband for personal expenses, this fact was mentioned in the Committee, where some declared the price 'enormous,' and made such remarks that Fuller dropped a hint to the lady to be more discreet in her confidences.

It may be that Fuller had kept the management of affairs too much in his own hands, but after his death there was an immediate change of atmosphere. The Londoners took the helm, and proceeded to put things on what they no doubt thought to be a proper business footing.

The new secretary, Mr. Dyer, was a soulless official, and Fuller's wise and brotherly letters were now replaced by communications such as might fitly pass between the directorate of a commercial company and its employees. The first

demand was for full details of when and how the property at Serampore had been bought, and under what title it was held. No account was taken of the fact that it had all been paid for by the self-denying labours of the Brotherhood, and that two-thirds of the running expenses came, year by year, from the same source.

The misunderstandings which followed seem to have had their root in two different theories of the relation that ought to subsist between a missionary society and its agents in the foreign field. Carey had been sent to India on the understanding that he was to become, as speedily as possible, self-supporting, and that contributions from the Society were to be regarded as supplementary, for the extension of the work. The Serampore Brotherhood had been founded and worked with brilliant success on this principle. The Committee were now proceeding on the principle that the missionaries were simply their paid agents, forgetting, how-

ever, that this carried with it an obligation for their full maintenance. And surely it was the height of absurdity to refer, as the Committee did, to 'the fundamental principles of all missionary societies,' at a time when these were but yet in their infancy, and in a letter to the very man to whom these societies owed their existence.

Little wonder that the pioneers at Serampore were wounded to the heart by such communications, and by the spirit of suspicion that engendered them.

CHAPTER VI

A NOBLE ANSWER

CAREY and his colleagues were thrown upon the hateful task of vindicating their own integrity in regard to the property and finances of the Mission. The result is, perhaps, not to be regretted. As has been well said, 'From first to last the three families contributed to the cause of God from their own earnings £90,000, and the world would never have known it but for the lack of the charity that envieth not, on the part of Andrew Fuller's successors.'

The controversy was made more bitter by some of the younger missionaries, who were now working in Calcutta, sending home criticisms of Serampore, in particular accusing the Marshmans of extravagance. Secretary Dyer, thereupon, wrote a letter to Carey, intimating that he personally

was not implicated in the charges, and asking his confidential opinion about the ongoings of his colleague.

Carey's reply, so noble in its indignation, so convincing in its refutation of the charges and withal so Christian in its tone, would have overwhelmed and burnt up with shame any man of right feeling. Secretary Dyer, however, had none of the instincts of a gentleman, and when Hannah Marshman came home to England in ill-health, he solemnly cross-examined her as to the number and value of her teaspoons! Well might Carey exclaim:

'I hope that things are not yet come to that pass, that a man who, with his wife, has for nineteen or twenty years laboured night and day for the Mission, who by their labour disinterestedly contribute between 2000 and 3000 rupees monthly to it, and who have made sacrifices which, if others have not seen, Brother Ward and I have—sacrifices which ought to put to the blush all his accusers, who,

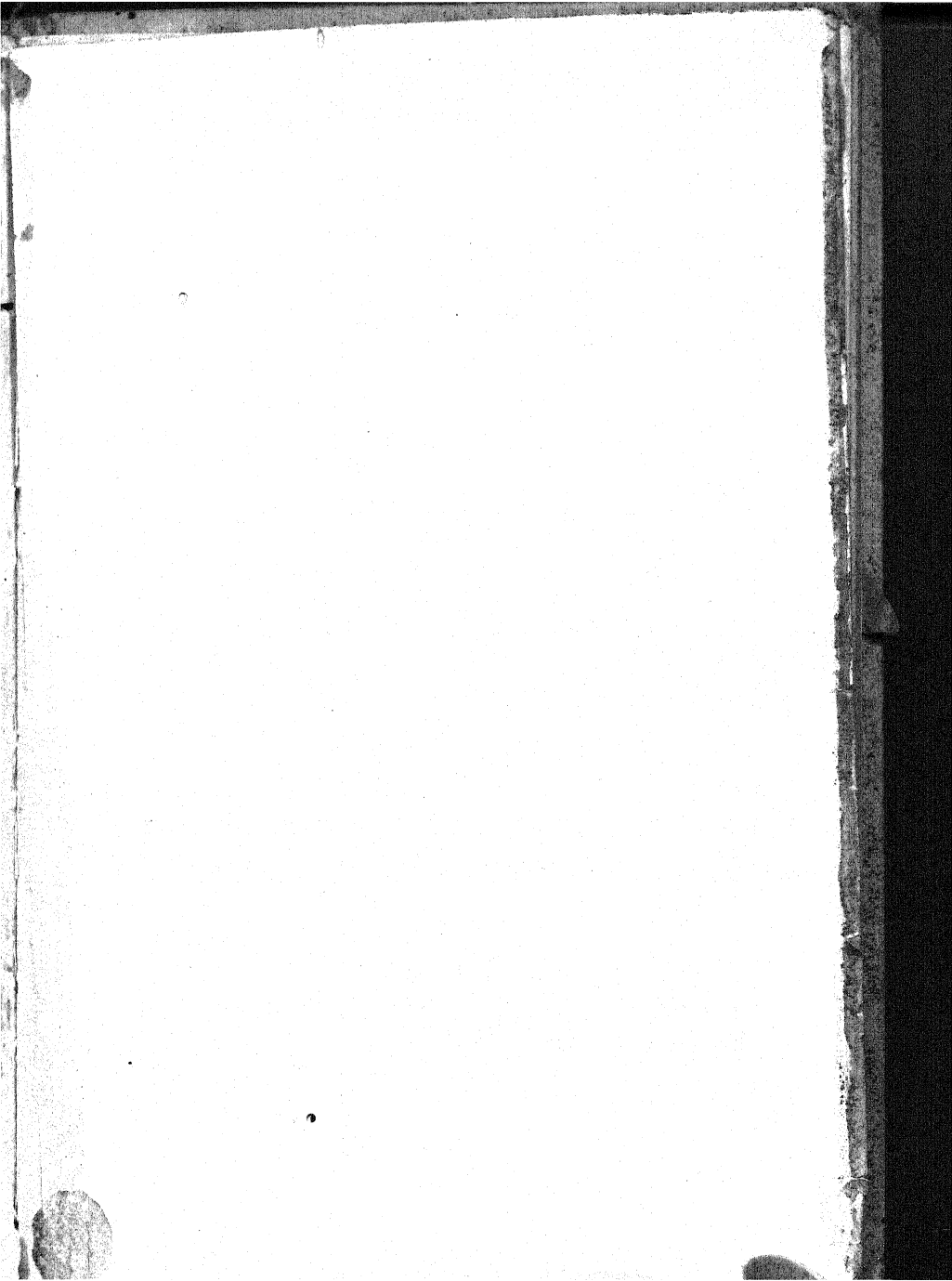
notwithstanding their cries against him, have not only supported themselves, but also have set themselves up in a lucrative business at the Society's expense, and who, even to this day, though they have two lucrative schools and a profitable printing office, continue to receive their monthly allowance, amounting to 700 rupees, from the Society. I feel indignant at their outcry on the subject of expense, and I say, merely as a contrast to their conduct, *So did not Brother Marshman.* Surely things are not come to that pass, that he or any other brother must give an account to the Society of every plate he uses, and every loaf he cuts.'

The name of Carey was so revered that it was felt to be unseemly to involve him in the controversy, and so the critics of Serampore persisted in insinuating that whatever was objectionable in its policy and procedure was wholly due to the machinations of Marshman, and was not approved of by Carey. Perhaps nothing

in the whole course of the controversy roused his anger more intensely. It seemed an attempt to prove him a traitor to his own friends and his own cause.

‘The plain English,’ he wrote, ‘of these insinuations is—the three men at Serampore have acted a dishonest part, that is, they are rogues. But we do not include Dr. Carey in the charge of dishonesty; he is an easy sort of man, who will agree to anything for the sake of peace; in other words, he is a fool.’

Marshman himself showed a fine spirit of Christian forbearance. Writing to Ward, he said: ‘I have some little doubt, after the unworthy treatment I have received from the secretaries of the Society in England, and from their friends in India, whether I shall continue on the premises at all, while I hope I shall never forsake the union with you and my dear brother Carey. You have indeed nothing to fear relative to the cause of missions from my feelings, wounded as they have been by





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the conduct of Dr. Ryland and Mr. Dyer. I think a man ought as much to sacrifice his feelings to the cause of God, as his pecuniary interests. Are we to desert or even to slacken in the cause of our Redeemer, because some of His servants are imperfect ?'

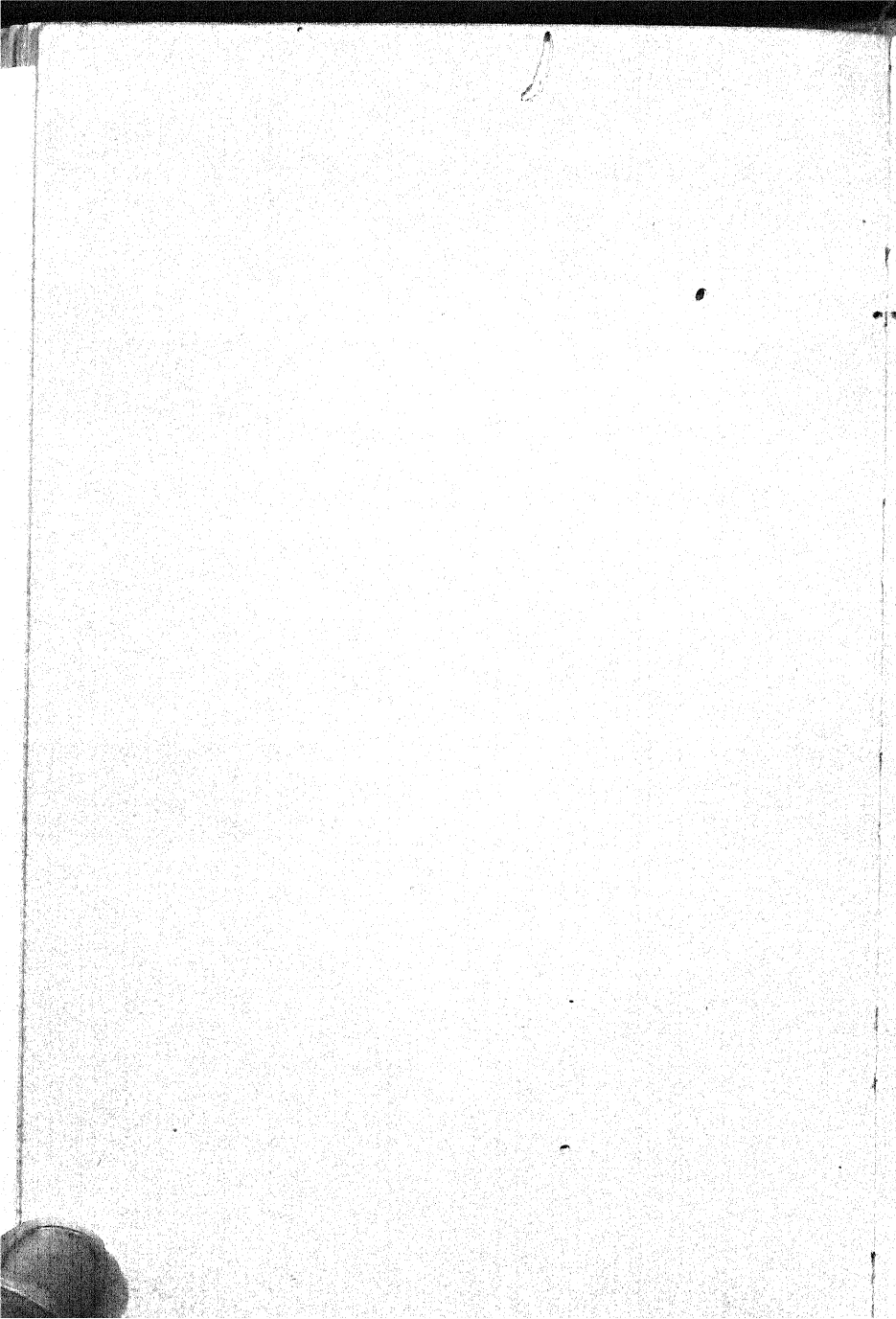
In this spirit the three veterans continued their work with unabated ardour. In the year 1818 they reported that the number of baptized converts was now considerably over a thousand, the Scriptures were being circulated in sixteen of the languages and dialects of India, while a hundred thousand Gospel tracts were issued annually from the Mission press at Serampore.

In addition they now planned the foundation of a college for the higher education of natives and the training of native Christian evangelists and teachers. By their own exertions, and mainly from their own funds, the Serampore College, a handsome Greek structure, costing nearly

£20,000, was erected, and opened in 1821 with thirty-seven students.

It was the noblest answer that could have been given to those in England who suspected their motives and maligned their work. 'To the charge of endeavouring to alienate from the Society premises of the value of £3000, their own gift, they replied by erecting a building at five times the cost, and vesting it in eleven trustees, seven besides themselves. It was thus they vindicated the purity of their motives in their differences with the Society, and endeavoured to silence the voice of calumny.'

PART V
THE HARVESTER



CHAPTER I

AN ENGLISH DAISY

CAREY was remarkable for the variety of his intellectual interests and the breadth of his sympathies, and such was his practical genius that, in every field which he entered, he turned his labours to good account.

His passion for gardening led to important results in Indian forestry and agriculture. He regularly spent the morning hours in his botanic garden, where he watched with tender care the springing of every plant and flower. His joy at the sight of an English daisy is exquisite. The story is thus told by Montgomery the poet in a note attached to his poem, *The Daisy in India*:

‘A friend of mine, a scientific botanist, residing near Sheffield, had sent a package

of sundry kinds of British seeds to the learned and venerable Dr. William Carey. Some of the seeds had been enclosed in a bag, containing a portion of their native earth. In March 1821 a letter of acknowledgement was received by his correspondent from the Doctor, who was himself well skilled in botany, and had a garden rich in plants, both tropical and European. In this enclosure he was wont to spend an hour every morning, before he entered upon those labours and studies which have rendered his name illustrious both at home and abroad, as one of the most accomplished Oriental scholars and a translator of the Holy Scriptures into many of the Hindu languages. In the letter aforementioned, which was shown to me, the good man says :

“ That I might be sure not to lose any part of your valuable present, I shook the bag over a patch of earth in a shady place, on visiting which a few days afterwards I found springing up, to my inexpressible

delight, a *Bellis perennis* of our English pastures. I know not that I ever enjoyed, since leaving Europe, a simple pleasure so exquisite as the sight of this English daisy afforded me, not having seen one for upwards of thirty years, and never expecting to see one again.”

Carey found time, amid his manifold labours, to write on botanical subjects. In an elaborate paper published in 1811 he made a careful survey of the state of agriculture in Bengal, dealing with the various forms of grains and plants useful for commerce, such as indigo, hemp, jute, etc., with suggestions for improved methods of cultivation. He pressed for the conservation of forests and the introduction of new varieties of trees, at least a generation before the Indian Government took up this important matter. Realising that only a beginning had been made in collecting and classifying the botanical treasures of India, he urged British residents all over the country to give attention to the

plants in their own neighbourhood, and he advocated the establishment of botanic gardens at different centres to suit the varied climate of India.

In 1820 he edited the *Flora Indica*, and in the same year he founded the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India. At the first meeting there were only three present, besides his colleague Dr. Marshman and himself, but it was resolved to proceed. A set of questions was prepared by Carey, and widely circulated, in order to obtain 'correct information upon every circumstance connected with the state of agriculture and horticulture in the various provinces of India.' One question shows the humane feelings of the writer, and reveals the underlying motive that prompted his work, in this as in every other department: '19. In what manner do you think the comforts of the peasantry around you could be increased, their health better secured, and their general happiness promoted?' The good of the people of

India, in every shape and form, was ever his supreme and constant aim.

Very soon the Society was an assured success.' What this meant to the native cultivators of the soil may be gathered from Carey's remarks on the display of vegetables in 1830, 'a display which would have done honour to any climate, or to any, even the most improved system of horticulture. . . . The greater part of the vegetables then produced were, till within these last few years, of species wholly unknown to the native gardeners.'

The Society speedily grew to be of national importance, and became the model of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. After Carey's death the Society placed a marble bust in their rooms at the Metcalfe Hall, to mark their sense of 'the great and important services rendered to the interests of British India by the founder of the Institution, the late Reverend Dr. William Carey, who unceas-

ingly applied his great talents, abilities, and influence in advancing the happiness of India, more especially by the spread of an improved system of husbandry and gardening.'

CHAPTER II

THE MAKING OF A BIBLE

ANOTHER subject to which Carey turned his attention was that of paper-making. It was difficult to obtain regular supplies of paper from England for the busy printing-press at Serampore, and besides the cost was heavy. Native rice-paper, on the other hand, was very liable to be devoured by white ants. To Carey difficulties only existed in order to be surmounted. He attacked the problem in his own indomitable and patient way, and conducted a long series of experiments, on which he was asked to report to the Government. The result was that a paper-mill was erected at Serampore, and in 1820 a steam engine was introduced. It was the first to appear in India, and was an object of great interest both to Europeans and to natives. For

over forty years the mill at Serampore was the only paper-mill in India.

A kindred difficulty that had to be overcome was that of providing founts of type of the various alphabets of the East, with their curious and intricate characters. Fortunately, in this field Carey had a predecessor in Sir Charles Wilkins, who has been called 'the Caxton of India.' He had trained a native blacksmith in the art of type-cutting, and by a fortunate coincidence this man came to Serampore in search of work, just after the Mission had started. He was at once employed, and, with further training and help, he produced very creditable work at a price far below anything that could be attempted in England. Although rendering this signal service to the Mission, he never wavered from his Hindu faith, and the strange sight might be seen of this native workman sitting under the shadow of his favourite idol, where alone he would work, and busily forming the letters that were

to carry the Word of God to his fellow-countrymen.

It is impossible to appreciate the extraordinary achievement of the Serampore Brotherhood in the matter of Bible translation, unless it is remembered that, for every portion of Scripture produced, they had to learn the language, write the translation, make the paper, cut and cast the type, print the sheets, and bind, publish, and distribute the book.

In March 1823 the Brotherhood was broken by the death of Mr. Ward from cholera, at the age of fifty-three. To his colleagues it was a terrible blow. For twenty-three years they had lived and worked together in perfect harmony, as if animated by a single soul.

'It would be difficult,' writes Dr. Marshman's son, 'to cite another example of so firm and uninterrupted a union of three men for so long a period. That union was created by the magnitude of the object in which they were engaged, and by

that elevation of views which it imparted, and was strengthened by the difficulties they had to encounter. They seemed as if they had been born to act together, and every attempt which was made to separate them only served to increase the strength of their union.'

In the following October, Carey, on returning one evening from Calcutta, slipped in stepping out of the boat, and dislocated his thigh. The accident was followed by a fever so severe that his life was despaired of. He recovered, but for six months he was unable to walk without crutches.

During his illness there occurred an unprecedented flood, which spread over 10,000 square miles of country. Serampore was under water, and the Mission premises came within an ace of being swept away. The river-bank in front of them had always hitherto been firm, but now it gave way like an avalanche, and in a short time, where the public road had been, the river was running fifty feet deep. The super-

stitious Hindus declared the flood to be the revenge of the river god for the desecration of his sacred waters, and they pointed out that the first bit of bank to give way was at the spot where the first converts were baptized in 1800. Half of Carey's beloved garden was engulfed, and when the torrent reached within ten feet of his bedroom, and the foundations of the house began to give way, he was hurriedly removed to safer quarters beside the College. This house he continued to occupy till the time of his death, as his former home and the ground on which it stood had been completely washed away.

In 1825 Carey completed his great dictionary of Bengali, of which he published an abridged edition two years later. It was a monument of industry and erudition. In this work, as in so much else that he did, Carey was in advance of his age, for no language of Europe possessed, at that time, so complete a dictionary as he now provided for the student of Bengali.

CHAPTER III

UNTARNISHED BY CALUMNY

DURING all these years the unhappy controversy with the Society continued to give recurrent trouble like a running sore. Dr. Marshman went to England in 1828 to endeavour to bring about an agreement. He offered that Serampore would become responsible for all the agents and stations under its charge, which amounted to two-thirds of the Society's work in India, if only one-tenth of the income of the Society were given for that purpose, as a grant in aid.

The narrowest sectarian spirit, however, prevailed in the Committee. Objection was taken to the fact that three of the teachers in Serampore College were not Baptist missionaries, and the demand was made that they should be excluded from all control of the Mission. At the same

time it was insisted that the control of Serampore should be vested in the whole body of Baptist missionaries in India, so that the youngest recruit should have an equal voice with Carey and Marshman in the management of the great institution which their genius and labours had built up. To this Dr. Marshman could not agree, and the result was a separation between the Society and Serampore, which became, henceforward, an independent mission.

It was now the aim of Secretary Dyer to starve Serampore, and he worked assiduously to this end in his own subterranean way. Rumours were set afloat that the Serampore missionaries wished to secure the property to their own families in perpetuity. To meet this calumny Carey and Marshman caused a new title-deed to be drawn up, making their gift clear beyond all cavil, and only reserving to themselves a liferent of the premises.

A pathetic echo of this base insinuation appears in the opening sentence of Carey's

will, in which he says: 'I utterly disclaim all or any right or title to the premises at Serampore, called the mission premises, and every part and parcel thereof, and do hereby declare that I never had, or supposed myself to have, any such right or title.'

Marshman, on his part, went so far as to remove from the house which he had occupied for thirty years to a smaller one outside the grounds of the Mission. Years afterwards, in his last illness, it was suggested to him to return to his old home for greater comfort, but after a moment's reflection he replied, 'No; Brother Carey did not die on the Society's premises, and I will not.' So deeply had the iron entered the old man's soul.

In 1830 Carey wrote his last word on the subject in the form of a pamphlet entitled *Thoughts on the Discussions*, in which, after a powerful vindication of his own and his colleague's integrity, he concludes by addressing to the Baptist Missionary Society the words of Jacob's

passionate remonstrance with Laban. 'And now what is my trespass, what is my sin, that ye have so hotly pursued us? Whereas ye have searched all our stuff, what have ye found of all your household stuff? Set it here before our brethren and your brethren, that they may judge between.'

About the same time he wrote in a private letter to a friend: 'I now hope that this troublesome affair will be brought to a close, and that calumny may cease, and our hoary heads go down to the grave in peace.'

Calumny did not immediately cease, but many whose minds had been poisoned with suspicion now resumed their contributions, and money flowed in freely for the support of the Mission. Everywhere, save within a narrow Baptist circle, the vindication of Serampore was acknowledged to be complete, and each succeeding year brought to Carey, in ever-increasing volume, the veneration of the Christian world.

CHAPTER IV

THE GRAND OLD MAN OF INDIA

WHEN Serampore was cut off in 1828 from the support of the Missionary Society, it had ten stations and twenty-eight missionaries, European and native, dependent upon it. Instead of listening to counsels of prudence, or considering a policy of retrenchment, Carey, with transcendent faith and courage, kept on steadily planning advance.

Before his death in 1834 the ten stations had become eighteen, and the twenty-eight missionaries had become fifty. This magnificent result was not achieved without the greatest self-sacrifice. To provide for a mission in Assam, Carey reduced his own personal expenses within the narrowest limits, and gave up his Government pension.

Besides the manifold activities at these mission stations, the secret leaven of the Gospel was spreading throughout India. Serampore had scattered broadcast thousands of copies of the Scriptures, and hundreds of thousands of Gospel tracts, and these silent messengers had penetrated into regions where no missionary had yet been seen. At Lahore and Amritsar, the capital of the Sikhs, Carey reports that 'the book of Jesus is spoken of, is read, and caused a considerable stir in the minds of the people.'

Even among the far-off hills of Afghanistan the Bible had made its way. A young Afghan chief comes down with a string of horses to the great fair at Hurdwar on the Ganges. There he meets an Englishman who puts into his hand an Afghan Bible, bidding him cherish it till the day when the British should come to his country. They part, and the missionary knows nothing of the fate of the book. But it is carefully preserved, and thirty

years after is produced intact. Thus was the living bread cast upon the wide waters, in the faith that it would be found again after many days.

Carey had long been the grand old man of India, and of the missionary world. He might well have sought release from his labours and returned to England to enjoy the honours which would have been showered upon him. No such thought occurred to his mind. When he set out on his great adventure he left his native land never to return, and India in fact was now his only home.

‘There are now in England,’ he wrote, ‘very few ministers with whom I am acquainted. Fuller, Sutcliff, Pearce, Fawsett, and Ryland, besides many others whom I knew, are gone to glory. My family connections also, those excepted who were children when I left England, or have since that time been born, are all gone, two sisters only excepted. Wherever I look in England I see a vast blank, and

were I ever to revisit that dear country, I should have an entirely new set of friendships to form. I, however, never intended to return to England when I left it, and unless something very unexpected were to take place, I certainly shall not do it. I am fully convinced that I should meet with many who would show me the utmost kindness in their power, but my heart is wedded to India, and though I am of little use, I feel a pleasure in doing the little I can, and a very high interest in the spiritual good of this vast country, by whose instrumentality soever it is promoted.'

His home life in the land of his adoption was full of quiet happiness. His four sons had all gone to various parts of the mission field, but their children were sent to Serampore for their education, and the old man's house resounded once more with laughter and children's voices.

'Eliza,' he writes, 'was shy at first,

but is now very friendly. The first word Felix said to me was Papa. He is friendly with every one, and he and Eliza are as happy as can be wished. Margaret is a complete romp.' 'We live in great happiness.'

CHAPTER V

THE REFINER'S FIRE

THERE now fell upon Carey, and the work he loved, a succession of crushing blows, which might have broken the spirit of the strongest man, but which served only to bring out, as never before, the moral grandeur of his character. As has been well said :

‘ The last days of William Carey were the best. His sun went down in all the splendour of a glowing faith and a burning self-sacrifice. Not in the penury of Hackleton and Moulton, not in the hardships of Calcutta and the Sundarbans, not in the fevers of the swamps of Dinajpore, not in the apprehensions twice excited by official intolerance, not in the most bitter sorrow of all—the sixteen years’ persecution

by English brethren after Fuller's death—had the father of modern missions been so tried as in the years 1830-1833. Blow succeeded blow, but only that the fine gold of his trust, his humility, and his love might be seen to be the purer.'

In 1830 there occurred a financial crisis in Calcutta which brought some of the leading banks and commercial houses to ruin, and caused the loss of all the invested funds of Serampore. Before the Mission had time to recover from this loss another of its main sources was cut off. In consequence of the extreme financial stringency, retrenchment became the order of the day. Accordingly, among other economies, the Government College ceased to be a teaching body, and Carey's salary was cut down by nearly £1000 a year. Still another blow fell. In 1831 a cyclone swept over Serampore and laid waste Carey's fine garden, shattering the stately trees which were his pride. The flood which followed the cyclone cut deep into the Mission

property, and threatened physical as well as financial ruin.

It was a time of gravest anxiety, and a supreme test of faith and courage. Mr. Robinson, a young missionary who was then at Serampore, has drawn a touching picture of the veterans. 'The two old men were dissolved in tears while they were engaged in prayer, and Dr. Marshman in particular could not give expression to his feelings. It was indeed affecting to see these good old men, the fathers of the Mission, entreating with tears that God would not forsake them now gray hairs were come upon them, but that He would silence the tongue of calumny, and furnish them with the means of carrying on His own cause.'

To infer from this that their spirits were broken would, however, be a mistake. Carey was up and out every morning before sunrise; he went on steadily with his work of translation, lectured in the College, and preached in Bengali and in

English. He would not listen for a moment to the idea of shutting down any of the stations, and his friends felt that if such a calamity should befall, they would soon have to lay him also in his grave.

An appeal was addressed to the Christian public of Britain, in which, after detailing their losses, the dauntless veterans continue :

‘ If unceasing industry or self-denial could by any means furnish us with the supplies we beg from you, we would toil and deny ourselves with cheerful alacrity, and leave you unimportuned. But our hopes are small in this respect, and they are precarious in the extreme. Our present incomes even are uncertain. Again, then, we implore your help, and we trust we shall not implore in vain. But a few years have passed away since the Protestant world was awakened to missionary effort. Since that time the annual revenues collected for this object have grown to the then unthought-of sum of £400,000. And is

it unreasonable to expect that some unnoticeable portion of this should be entrusted to him who was among the first to move in this enterprise, and to his colleagues ? ’

The appeal brought a speedy and generous response, which met the immediate needs of the Mission and caused grateful thanks to God.

‘ With respect to myself,’ writes Carey, ‘ I consider my race as nearly run. The days of our years are threescore years and ten, and I am now only three months short of that age, and repeated bilious attacks have weakened my constitution. But I do not look forward to death with any painful anticipations. I cast myself on, and plead the efficacy of that atonement, which will not fail me when I need it. . . . But how shall we sufficiently praise and glorify God, who in the time of our great extremity appeared, and stirred up His people thus willingly to offer their substance for His cause? My heart goes out

especially to those faithful and constant friends who have stood by us and defended us when our integrity was called in question, when our veracity was doubted, our motives misrepresented, our characters traduced.'

Marshman writes in a similar strain: 'Thirty-one years ago this day did I set foot on the soil of India. What a series of mercies have I experienced in that period, and what a life of unprofitable sloth do I appear to myself to have led! I have more mercies to bless God for than any of His children, and yet I am among the most useless and worthless of them. I cannot bear the thought that the few remaining days of my life should be thus spent. . . . As to my dear brother Carey, I met with few friends in England in their seventieth year so lively, so free from the infirmities of age, so interesting in the pulpit, so completely conversable as he is now.'

This impression is confirmed by the reminiscences of Mr. Reilly, who about this time was a pupil at Serampore. 'I re-

member old Dr. Carey very well. He was very fond of me. I dined with him once a week, and had a standing invitation to tea at any time. I heard his lectures on botany. He would go first into the garden and pluck some leaves and flowers, and bring them to the class-room. He spoke quietly, but without hesitation, and very interestingly. . . . Every morning he took his walk in the garden (near the big tank), his hands clasped behind him, and engaged in audible prayer. This was a habit, only interrupted at times, as he bent to examine a flower; then he resumed his onward tread. He was very short. He wore white in the summer and black in the winter. In fact, this change of attire was to us the sign that the season had changed. He always wore gaiters and stockings. Latterly, he had to be wheeled about the garden.'

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CHAPTER VI

THE PROPHET'S MANTLE

IN the year 1830 a star of the first magnitude appeared in India, in the person of Alexander Duff, the young Scots missionary, upon whom Carey's mantle was to fall. After examining the work of the various mission stations in and around Calcutta, he resolved to follow a new method. Instead of aiming directly at individual conversions he would endeavour, by the dynamic of Western education, to undermine the citadel of Hinduism. As he expressed it: 'While you engage in directly separating as many precious stones from the mass as the stubborn resistance to ordinary appliances can admit, we shall, with the blessing of God, devote our time and strength to the preparing of a mine, and the setting of a train, which shall one

day explode, and tear up the whole from its lowest depths.'

All the missionaries he met were against him, and it might well seem presumptuous for a raw and inexperienced youth of four-and-twenty to persist in his novel scheme. But when Duff visited Serampore and explained his ideas to Carey, he got the cordial approval of the man whose opinion was best worth having in India. Carey had encountered opposition in his own educational work at Serampore College. Some good people even withheld their subscriptions to the Mission till they were assured that none of the money would be spent on teaching science at the College, which led Carey to inquire, with irony, whether ministers could be trained in England without a liberal education. It may well be imagined, then, with what pleasure he saw this important work being taken up by a powerful recruit, with the religious and educational forces of the Scottish Church supporting him.

Duff visited Carey on several occasions during the closing three years of his life. His last visit is thus described: 'He spent some time talking chiefly about Carey's missionary life, till at length the dying man whispered, "Pray." Duff knelt down and prayed, and then said good-bye. As he passed from the room, he thought he heard a feeble voice pronouncing his name, and, turning, he found that he was recalled. He stepped back accordingly, and this is what he heard, spoken with a gracious solemnity:

"Mr. Duff, you have been speaking about Dr. Carey, Dr. Carey. When I am gone, say nothing about Dr. Carey—speak about Dr. Carey's Saviour." Duff went away rebuked and awed, with a lesson in his heart that he never forgot.'

CHAPTER VII

'NOT A WISH UNSATISFIED'

CAREY'S long day of toil in India was drawing to a close. In 1832 he published the eighth edition of his Bengali New Testament. When he had corrected the last proof-sheet, he said :

'My work is done. I have nothing more to do but to wait the will of the Lord.'

In 1833, when he reached the fortieth anniversary of his departure for India, he was still 'in excellent health and able to take his turn in all the public exercises,' but towards the close of the year his health failed, and he became very weak. He always had the greatest dread of 'becoming useless,' and he continued his work till he was no longer able to sit at his desk.

His garden was his delight to the last. Every day he was wheeled out in a chair

to enjoy it. Dr. Marshman came to visit him daily, and on one occasion, seeing him looking sad, inquired if anything was troubling his mind. Turning towards the others in the room, Carey said with great feeling, 'When I am gone, Brother Marshman will turn the cows into my garden.' 'Far be it from me,' replied his colleague with earnestness. 'Though I have not your botanical tastes, I shall consider the preservation of the garden, in which you have taken so much delight, as a sacred duty.'

His last days were filled with a beautiful, serene peace, free from pain and all anxiety.

'Respecting the great change before him,' wrote Mr. Mack, one of his younger colleagues, 'a single shade of anxiety has not crossed his mind since the beginning of his decay, as far as I am aware. His Christian experience partakes of that guileless integrity, which has been the grand characteristic of his whole life. . . . We wonder that he still lives, and should

not be surprised if he were taken off in an hour, nor is such an occurrence to be regretted. It would only be weakness in us to wish to detain him. He is ripe for glory, and already dead to all that belongs to this life.'

The last mail from England brought cheering news of bountiful gifts to the Mission, for which, with uplifted hands, he faintly murmured thanks and praise to God.

He died on Monday, 9th June 1834, about sunrise. Like that worthy pilgrim, Mr. Honest, 'in his lifetime he had spoken to one Good Conscience to meet him at the river, which he also did, and lent him his hand, and so helped him over. The last words of Mr. Honest were, Grace reigns.' In the same spirit William Carey said :

'I see no one thing in all my past life upon which I can rest, and am persuaded of the daily and hourly necessity of trusting my perishing soul in the hands of my

Redeemer. . . . I most earnestly request that no epithets of praise may ever accompany my name, such as, "the faithful servant of God," etc. All such expressions would convey a falsehood. May I-but be accepted at the last, I am sure all the glory must be given to divine grace from first to last.'

He was buried the following day among his converts in the Mission burial-ground. In his will he left this instruction, which was duly carried out :

'I direct that my funeral be as plain as possible, that I be buried by the side of my second wife, Charlotte Emilia Carey, and that the following inscription and nothing more may be cut on the stone which commemorates her, either above or below, as there may be room, viz. :

'WILLIAM CAREY—BORN AUGUST 17, 1761
DIED —

'A wretched, poor, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall.'

After his death exaggerated reports

appeared in the Indian papers of the amount of money which he had devoted to the cause of missions, one writer putting it as high as sixteen lakhs of rupees. This led Dr. Marshman to publish the exact figures, from which it appeared that Carey had received £600 from the Society which sent him out—£600 for forty years' distinguished service—while his own contributions amounted to £26,625.

On this Dr. Marshman justly reflects that if he had lived like other men he might have enjoyed his own fortune and enriched his family ; but what would such pleasures have been, compared to the joy of giving himself and his all to the cause of God, and of seeing the rich fruits of his sacrifice in the prosperity of the Mission ?

'What must have been the feelings on a death-bed of a man who had lived wholly to himself, compared with the joyous tranquillity which filled Carey's soul in the prospect of entering into the joy of his Lord, and, above all, with what he felt

when, a few days before his decease, he said to his companion in labour for thirty-four years,

“I have no fears, I have no doubts, I have not a wish left unsatisfied”?’

And so the harvester came home with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

